THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 28, 1931
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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, January 28, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1415 Vol. CIX.

Bertram Park

MRS. IVAR BRYCE

The beautiful wife of Mr. Ivar Bryce, the stepson of Lord Phillimore, of Coppid Hall, Henley-on-Thames. Before her marriage she was Señorita Vera Sá, of San Paulo, in Brazil

Sport and General

Above are seen Mr. N. Hartnell (left), Miss Vera Fothergill and Mrs. Joe Street at the Ball, which was in aid of the Royal Veterinary College. Right: Miss Williams and Mr. Beale in cheery mood

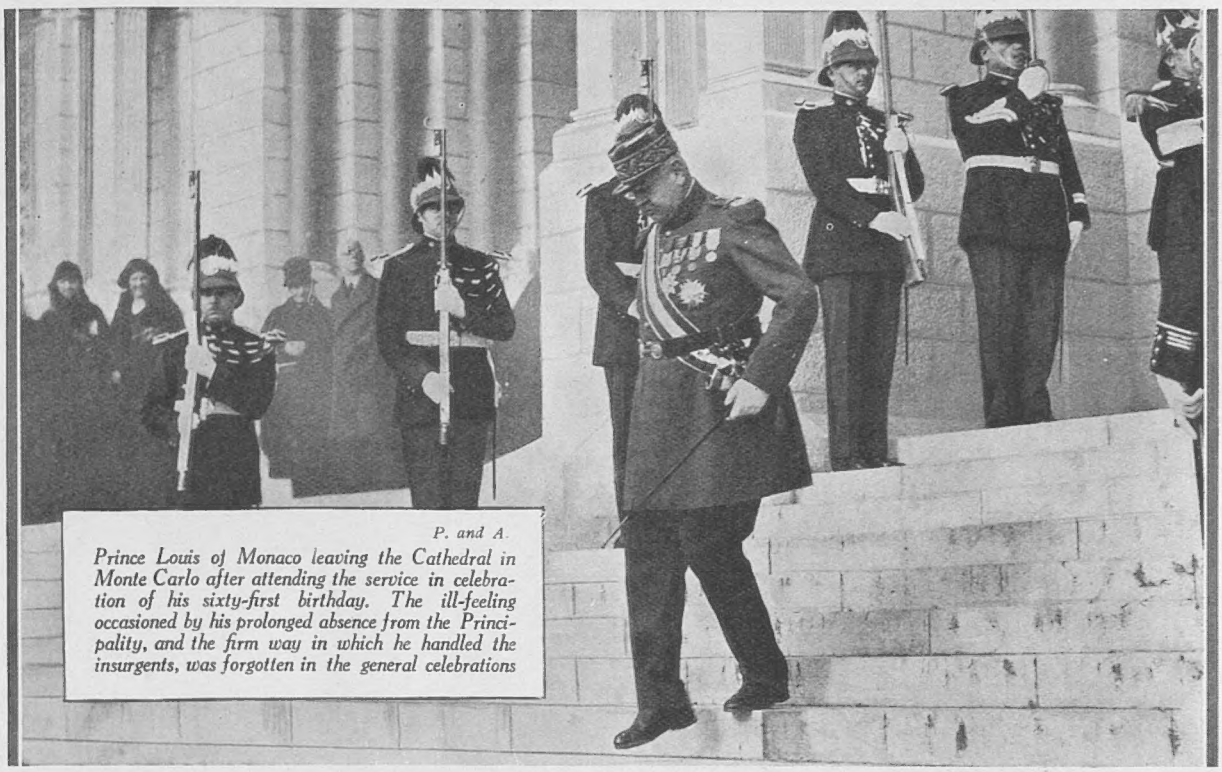
"TALLY-HO!" at the SAVOY

Some Visitors at the Recent UNITED HUNTS' BALL

Photographs *Sasha*

Sir Julien Cahn, M.F.H., the Master of the Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Kacos Kyriakides, Mrs. M. Pidcock, Mrs. Woolland, Mr. Walter Woolland, M.F.H., and Mrs. Raymond Lomax, M.F.H., Joint-Masters of the Craven, Mr. J. C. Pidcock, Dr. Raymond Lomax, Major and Mrs. Royds, Mr. Corbett, Mrs. Misa and Mr. Vallence Elam photographed at the United Hunts' Ball at the Savoy Hotel, which proved the cheeriest of cheery affairs

the passing hour



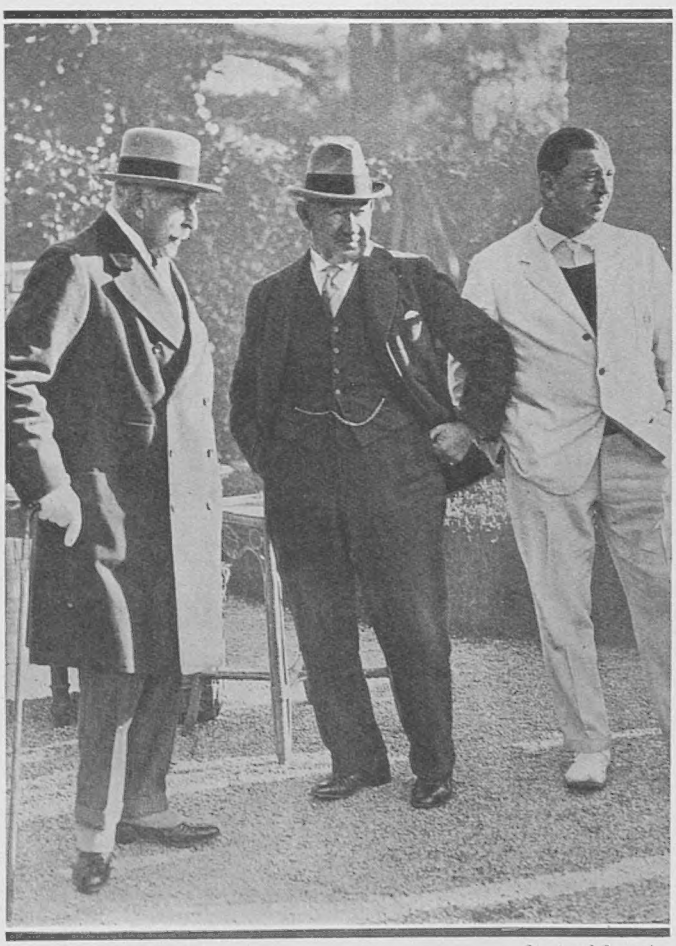
P. and A.

Prince Louis of Monaco leaving the Cathedral in Monte Carlo after attending the service in celebration of his sixty-first birthday. The ill-feeling occasioned by his prolonged absence from the Principality, and the firm way in which he handled the insurgents, was forgotten in the general celebrations

LONDON has been most lively during the past ten days, considering the time of year, and the hunt balls, and Switzerland, and six weeks' cruises to the West Indies, and the Riviera.

Prince Charles of Belgium is over here incognito, it is said on a most romantic quest. Prince Nicholas of Rumania is here, too, but on an international one—something to do with Jugo Slavia and his own country, I gather. There was, too, that remarkable party in Portland Place at which six tables of chemin de fer were in full swing all night, and croupiers had been imported from France, and the cagnotte was five per cent. before midnight and ten per cent. afterwards—the proceeds going to a certain hospital, and more money on view than has been seen for weeks.

ANOTHER keen topic of conversation has been the identity of Mr. "X" in the blackmail case at the Old Bailey. Mr. "A" of some years back was able to conceal his identity for weeks. Mr. "X" has not been so fortunate, and the Old Bailey has been crowded with his smartly dressed acquaintances anxious to indulge their curiosity at his expense. I know him well myself, but, naturally, must not say any more, or give you any clues as to his identity.



Sport and General

The Duke of Connaught at the Professional Lawn Tennis Championships at Beaulieu, won by K. Kozeluh for the fifth year in succession. He is seen with Mr. G. M. Simond, the famous referee, and Roman Najuch, one of the competitors

THEN, though it was out of London, there was Mr. Victor Emanuel's party at Rockingham Castle, with Miss Maddux, and Moss and Fontana, and the New York Yacht Club boys. Mr. Emanuel, however, was rather upset at so much advance publicity being given to his party, for he is an American, and there has been rather a song and dance in America about the parties their millionaires have been giving—Mr. Doherty, for instance. Besides that, our own income-tax authorities have been on his trail, and nobody—particularly the 250 people he employs at Rockingham—wants him to be taxed out

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE'S PARTY

of the country. So I will confine myself to saying that it was a grand affair, and few of the guests started back before broad daylight.

Moss and Fontana and Miss Maddux are all appearing at the Café de Paris—the Yacht Club boys having gone over to fulfil a two months' engagement in Paris. Brilliant though the dancers' opening night was, I cannot admire them very much. They have learnt nothing really new since they were here five years ago, and Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon have spoiled our palates for any ballroom dancing that is less snappy. Miss Maddux sang admirably to her own accompaniment, but she is still better in the intimate atmosphere of a private party. Actually, if I were she, I would stop playing the piano and become a diseuse like Yvonne George. She would then be even a greater success than she is now.

G.P.U.

The Norman gateway of Rockingham Castle, near Market Harborough, leased by the American millionaire sportsman, Mr. Victor Emanuel. He recently gave an enormous party, including a cabaret with international artists

A general view of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Foxhound House, Edinburgh, the Scottish seat of the Earl of Rosebery that hounds had met on this famous

HOST AND HOSTESS *Lenare and Sport and General*

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emanuel, whose recent party at Rockingham Castle was one of the outstanding social events of the month. They are both very keen on hunting, and, in addition, Mr. Emanuel is well-known on the Turf. His horses are in training with George Duller at Letcombe Regis, near Wantage

Captain Barnato, who has just returned from Biarritz, and his close friend Dale Bourn, the golfer, whom I saw wearing a tie made of snakeskin the other day, Mr. George Doran, the international publisher, so distinguished by his little white imperial, and Mrs. Ivor Back, who gives such amusing Friday luncheon parties, were sitting at adjoining tables. It was a very gay evening, and I have seldom seen a larger number of smart frocks just before the Paris dress houses show their spring collections.

One of the most interesting events in the world of fashion is undoubtedly the imminent departure to Hollywood of Madame Chanel. Mr. Samuel Goldwyn has at last persuaded her to go out and act as stylist for his company, the United Artists. This will mean that his actresses will all be dressed

FASHIONS AND THE FILMS

Ian Smith

meeting at Dalmeny
This was the first time
estate

six months ahead of the fashions, so that when the films are completed and released, the frocks will be exactly the vogue of the moment. What a pity Mr. John Maxwell, of Elstree, does not do something of the same kind. Somebody like Molyneux would be ideal, but his price would, of course, be too high. No, Mr. Maxwell should find a stylist from among the ten really smartly dressed women of London, and thus take a leaf out of Hollywood's book.

S

At present English film actresses are dressed deplorably, and the sooner this is put right the better, especially as an immense amount of good can be done to our own industries by using the talkies as a shop window for our goods. Take the Association of Scottish Woollen Manufacturers, for example. They are most anxious to increase their sales, both here and in America. Well, if a pretty actress like Madeleine Carroll, or Margot Graham, or Anne Gray was smartly dressed for an outdoor scene in Scottish tweeds, it would set women everywhere wanting to follow their example.

S

Perhaps this Association will achieve something in this direction. I am told that they met last week to see how they could capitalise the Prince of Wales's visit to the Argentine. They have not forgotten how, as a direct result of the Prince's visit to Japan some years ago, during the course of which he wore plus fours, they received orders for no less than 110,000 yards of material. In fact, every well-dressed man in Japan went into plus fours and, incidentally, took up golf. Perhaps something of the same character will be achieved by the Royal brothers' present visit to South America. Let us hope it will.

S

Lady Malcolm's entry into the restaurant world—she has now joined the board of the Kit-Cat—was signalised by a series of luncheon parties, many of the guests at which are rarely seen lunching in public. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Lord Lee of Fareham, and Captain Victor Cazalet, whose clever sister Thelma is likely to be an M.P. in the near future, sat at one table. Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lady Askwith and her daughter Betty sat at another. Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget were at a third, while dotted round the room were Mrs. Armstrong-Jones, Miss Valerie French, Lady Queensberry, Miss Irene Russell, Mrs. McCorquodale, Lady Evelyn Malcolm, Miss Sophie Tucker, Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, and Lady Violet Benson.

S

The enterprise of the Kit-Cat, where, by the way, Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon have now returned, is

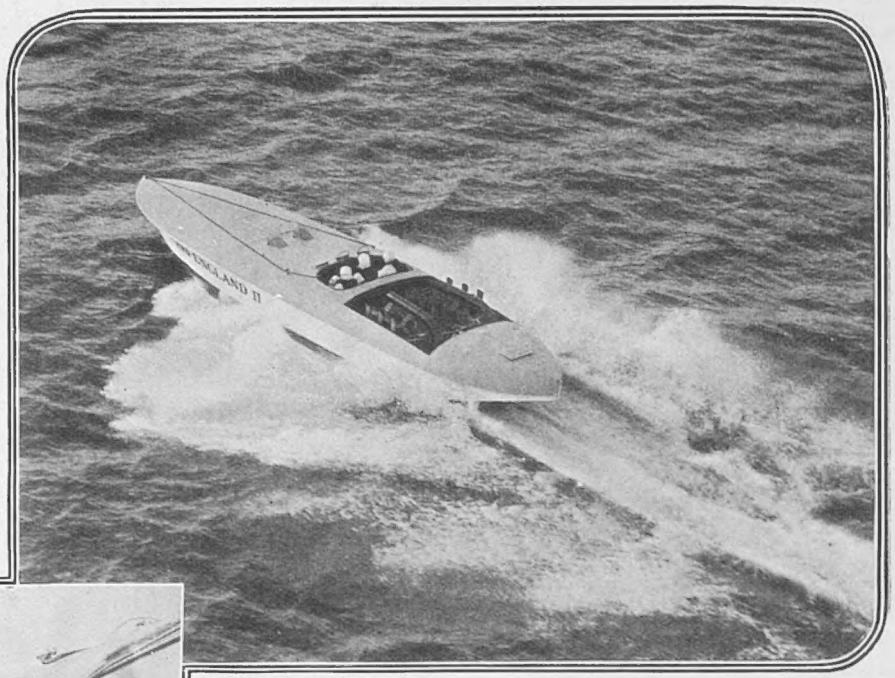
Ian Smith

The Marchioness of Linlithgow at the meet recently held at Lord Rosebery's seat, Dalmeny House, of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire

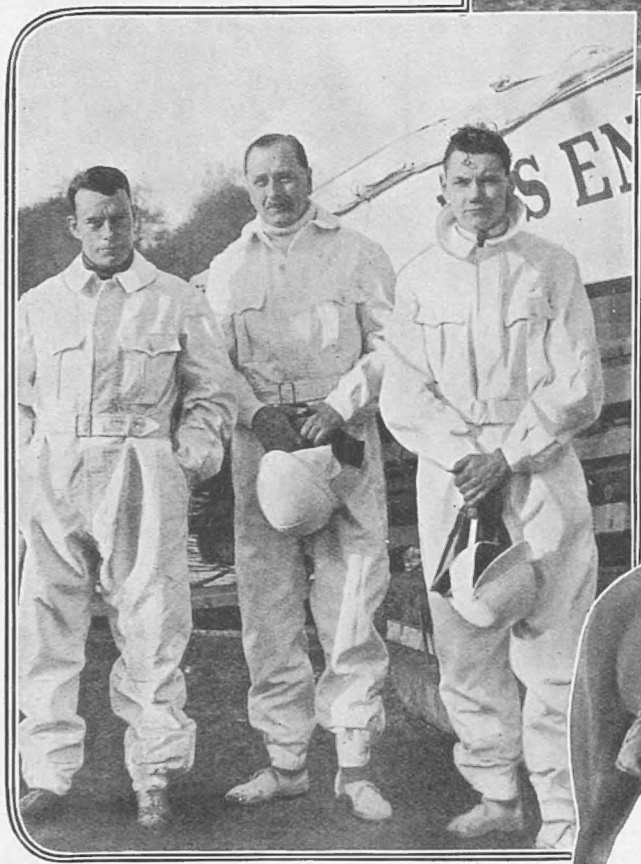
Ian Smith

The Misses Irene and Evelyn Coats, who were among the performers in what was billed as a "Come to Scotland Movement: An Illusory Film of High Life in the Highlands," produced at the Y.M.C.A. Halls, Paisley, in aid of the Royal Alexander Infirmary. The "film" was actually a production of shadow photography, and included, among others, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. Terry Hope Murray and Miss Jessie McKenchnie

LORD WAKEFIELD'S WONDERFUL MOTOR BOAT



Lord Wakefield's wonderful motor-boat, "Miss England II," with Mr. Kaye Don at the wheel, on her recent trials on Lough Neagh. She will later go to Buenos Aires to make an attempt on the world record



Mr. Kaye Don (centre) with his mechanics, Messrs. Wilcocks and Garner, before setting out in Lord Wakefield's "Miss England II" on a trial on Lough Neagh, where she attained a speed of over 100 m.p.h. Wilcocks was formerly mechanic to the late Sir Henry Segrave, and was with him on the occasion of his fatal accident

much to be commended. I refer both to the "capture" of Lady Malcolm, and to the wholesale reduction in the price of both food and wine. When the country was having a boom, it was natural that hotels, clubs and restaurants should charge boom prices. When things go less well, the prices should vary accordingly; and those who realise this naturally benefit.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the leading West End restaurants have to contend is the gigantic salaries demanded by some of the cabaret stars before they will appear. In fact, I hear that when Pola Negri was recently approached by a certain famous restaurant with a view to appearing in cabaret there, the enormous salary of £1,100 a week was asked! Now that prices are falling all round, we could do with a few falling stars, too!

OTHER signs which show how prices are falling is that at the Piccadilly the charge for dinner has been reduced to 12*s.* 6*d.*, while at the Maison Dorée, a quiet and exclusive restaurant on the corner of Leicester Square, an admirable five-course luncheon is served in intimate surroundings for the sum of 5*s.*, including red or white wine. And what is more, the wine is of good quality, thus differing from the vin compris meals which, in pre-War days, could be met with in Soho, and where the "Bordeaux" was rightly described as red-inkulous!

Central News

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, arriving for the After-the-Ball meet of the Belvoir. It took place at Belvoir Castle, Grantham, the seat of the Duke of Rutland

THERE have been two important weddings in the past few days—Miss Joy Verney's, with Lord Lascelles as an 1815 Guardsman, and the reception at Chesterfield House—and Lady Beatrix Cadogan's, who has now gone off on a honeymoon cruise to the West Indies. If both are good sailors, I can imagine nothing more idyllic than this way of spending a honeymoon. Couples who go to the Riviera, lovely as the weather has been this year, are inclined to disagree about the length of time they should put in at the Casino. One of the pair nearly always wants to gamble longer than the other. A honeymoon at St. Moritz is also a rather risky experiment. It is so easy for the man or the girl to twist an ankle.

CANNES is well known as the sports centre of the Riviera, writes our special correspondent, and all the

VISITORS TO THE CÔTE D'AZUR

folk one meets on the Croisette in the evenings are nearly always off to the golf course or the tennis courts. Lord Derby (whom I saw dining with Lord Charles Montagu at the Ambassadors) never misses a day out at Mougins, and, wet or fine, he is always on the tee every afternoon.

I have never seen a lovelier club house than the big Provençal building that once was an old

Wide World

The King of Spain's daughters, the Infantas Beatrice and Christina, working in the cause of charity. They are seen distributing soup and food to poor washerwomen at a hostel in Madrid

Central Press

King Alfonso, photographed during his recent visit to the new University of Madrid. The recent political troubles, which threatened to blaze up into a serious revolution, have now calmed down again and quiet reigns in the Spanish capital

mill out at Mougins. The only drawback is that the lunch is so good that one is tempted to sit on far too long into the sunny afternoon hours.

THE Hon. Evan Charteris and his lovely wife are both keen golfers who play at Mougins. Sir Francis Towle, too, has been out there several times, while at Mandelieu I saw Sir Alan Johnson, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans (who is just getting over a nasty go of 'flu), Lord Cholmondeley (who is playing no lawn tennis this year, which is a pity, as he is such a good player, but is concentrating entirely on golf), and Sir Charles Mandleberg.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

FRANK BARE, narrowly defeated over hurdles by the consistent Yearly, should score an early victory. Started second favourite.

PORTHAON would have landed big winnings at Hurst Park but for striking a sticky patch after jumping remarkably well. This novice to 'chasing should be closely watched.

WAR MIST did not run at Leicester on account of the heavy going. He has already shown a liking for the Sandown Park course and should not be missed if competing here.

ARCTIC STAR was going well when he came to earth at Newbury. The old Cesarewitch winner should be given another chance.

THE BIRD was not greatly fancied at Hurst Park. Was in the lead the greater part of the three miles journey and can be considered a likely winner in the near future.

BOOMLET was meeting a very useful and well handicapped hurdler in White Flag at Newbury and was close up at the finish. Has a nice turn of speed and should be supported for future races with confidence.

Lenare

MISS KATHARINE RUNCIMAN

The youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., and Mrs. Runciman, whose engagement has been announced to the Hon Oliver Thomas Farrer. Her fiancé is the younger son of Lord and Lady Farrer, of Abinger, Surrey

THE harbour at Cannes is packed with yachts, and we all envied Lady Yule and her daughter when they left on their cruise to the West Indies and Alaska. I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster will spend a few days at Cannes on board the Cutty Sark en route for Egypt at the end of the month.

The INTERNATIONAL RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP

France attacking—A French player makes a rush for the ball after scrum tactics in the Scottish 25

Another French rush in the loose, stopped by Scotland. Despite various French rushes, the forwards played without cohesion

A view of Murrayfield, Edinburgh. There was a very big crowd to see Scotland w

THOUGH Scotland defeated France on Saturday at Edinburgh by 6 (2 penalty goals) to 4 (dropped goal), the game was disappointing and the play not up to international standard. It was scrappy and punctuated throughout by the referee's whistle. Rugby is in danger of being ruined to-day by infringements, and matches where there is a succession of free kicks become tedious to watch. Scotland were the better side as a whole, because the French play is destructive and not constructive, as it was a few years ago. The French forwards, though heavy, were out-

SCOTLAND DEFEATS FRANCE by TWO POINTS

by 6 points to 4, and while there was no rain a bitter wind blew down the ground

played, and their backs dropped passes, probably rattled by the referee's interminable whistle. Neither Scotland nor France look like winning the championship unless their sides are thoroughly revised. Our photographs (specially taken for THE BYSTANDER) give some indication of a scrappy game in which neither side crossed the other's line. At present, France has beaten Ireland by 3-0, has lost to Scotland by 6-4, while England and Wales drew 11-11 at Twickenham.

Scotland break away—The backs initiate a passing movement which ends with the usual referee's whistle!

Half-time—The French team having a refresher. Scotland led by 6-0 in a dull half with many penalty kicks spoiling play

A scene from "The Cingalee," as played by the Adastral Players, the Air Ministry's clever Amateur Dramatic Society. The performances took place last week at the Guildhall School of Music

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . Mayfair, not Museum. . . . Heavens! this telephone. . . . Hello! . . . is that you, Baa? . . . Good-morning, darling . . . isn't it exciting I hear there's a Royal engagement pending. . . . Yes, I'm a complete fan . . . the bride is a most popular jeune fille . . and HE! . . . but I'm sworn to secrecy. . . . No, I didn't know that . . . how amusing! . . . I hear that a certain well-known peeress found out something the other day which made her sack all the servants . . . and that her brother—the Duke . . . laughed and laughed!

* * *

I saw pretty little Dodo Watts at the Embassy the other night . . . she was dancing with a young man who towered above her . . . but who was evidently very proud of being with such a famous person . . . . She told me what friends she has become with attractive Jacquline Logan since they have been working together at Elstree. . . . Jacquline is lucky enough to have a young-charming-millionaire husband . . . whom she adores . . they all rag her for having been married *happily* for three years. . . .

* * *

Do you wear your clip brooch in the correct place, darling? . . . Yes, that's right, in your hair just where the curls start below your ear. . . . Lady "Jock" Jardine always has hers like that, and so does Margaret Whigham, and it is so chic. . . . Have you heard about the row in Charles Street? . . . Yes, the young man hit the pavement a nasty blow . . . and all over that quaint little American cutie. . . . She engaged? . . . "You bet your sweet life, sister."

* * *

Dorothy Plunkett and family are off to Monte Carlo . . . they have taken a villa there. . . . Her husband, Lord Plunkett, is well again, I'm glad to say, but she is taking no chances with our English spring. . . . Nina Seafield and her husband, Derek Studley Herbert, are still in the South . . . and so is Irene Dunn, although we have been expecting her to return any day. . . .

* * *

Such fun the new silver satin . . . have you seen it? It is all reflecting yet shimmery, like a looking-glass in motion. . . . Leolia Westminster has done some curtains with it at Eaton . . . but Barbara McCorquodale has a dress of it. . . .

* * *

Hello . . . hello . . . is that you? . . . I thought we had been cut off . . . Harry is better, I'm so glad . . . have you seen him? Oh, no inflection of course . . . . I hear Bridget Poulett is going on as well as can be expected . . . it is bad luck, isn't it? Scarlet fever is a horrible thing. . . . I think she is lovely, and such a divine figure, but she tells me she tries to eat nothing at luncheon, and only has breakfast and dinner! . . . How I wish I wasn't greedy! . . .

* * *

I do think pink table-cloths are becoming. Everyone looked ten years younger at the Kit-Cat last Tuesday. . . . Mrs. Baldwin was regal in black . . . But Nancy Beaton was the only hatless one present. . . . Aren't these new hats difficult? No one can throw them off easily as we could ours in the summer, because they are so troublesome to get on again . . . it takes hours to arrange the wave in the front and the curls behind. . . . I saw Edith Baker—or should I say Mrs. Pops d'Erlanger?—at that same luncheon, looking adorable in a completely circular hat like a brown saucer trimmed with fur . . . but Lady Queensberry, who was with her, wore a grey turban effect with a scarlet clip on the very summit of her forehead . . . I always think the Lygon girls look smarter on a horse than any of their friends. . . . Lady Dorothy wore bright yellow string gloves the other day with a blue habit . . . her great friend, Diana Coventry, lives only a few miles from Madresfield, so they are nearly always together, besides meeting in the hunting field. . . .

* * *

Have you heard the story about the wife of a famous politician who is somewhat of a Mrs. Malaprop? . . . Sitting next her at luncheon was a well-known sportsman, who remarked how much better her husband was dressing lately. "Oh, yes," she replied. "He is much smarter since the footman and I entered into a liaison!"

* * *

I hear that Jack Buchanan is so ill, in spite of looking so handsome in "Monte Carlo" . . . film, not place . . . he can digest hardly anything, and you know what hell that is. . . . I expect he is longing for a holiday.

* * *

Several people are amused that a certain very lovely lady has been captioned in the newspapers lately as being one of "London's leading hostesses." . . . Nevertheless, having handed round saucers of milk, it is interesting to know that she entertained one of our Princes lately in the country . . . and that parties and house-parties at a popular and well-known house are cancelled unless she CAN be present "as hostess."

* * *

What is the time? . . . it isn't! . . . How too awful! I shall be late for Paul, and you know how that infuriates him. Good-bye. . . .

WITH THE ADASTRAL PLAYERS

IT is hard to say whether the actors or the audience more enjoyed the Adastral Players performance of "The Cingalee," which was very well presented at the Guildhall School of Music. The lilting songs, the colourful dresses, and the gay scenes brought back memories of the early days of this century, when Daly's Theatre was the home of musical plays, and "The Cingalee" was one of George Edwardes' greatest successes. The additional dialogues and lyrics, which were particularly good, and were written by the late Paul Reubens, added considerably to the enjoyment of the play. Mr. Horace Hogg's performance as the Babu lawyer was greatly appreciated, and he was admirably supported by Miss Dorothy Farr as Peggy Sabine, while a tribute should be paid to the Adastral Orchestra, which rendered these tunes of yesteryear with great spirit.

CHICAGO—WHERE 'AL' CAPONE REIGNS

Michigan Avenue, the "Park Lane" of Chicago, with Grant Park in the foreground, where the World Exhibition of 1931 is to be held

CHICAGO is in the public eye again to-day in view of the recent raid on Rex's Hotel, run by the notorious racketeer Capone, whose defiance of the police and authority, and whose army of gunmen has given the city such ill-fame. In Chicago in 1928 there were 367 murders and no executions. In London, for the same period, there were 18 murders and 11 convictions, and the other 7 murderers committed suicide. On the following pages is an article on Al Capone, who is said to have bribed judges and the justiciary

Photographs

Michigan Avenue by night. This great city, with a population approaching four millions, is famed, apart from its "hog-butcher," wheat, and freight business, as the Paradise of Gangsters and Bootleggers

Central News

A view of Chicago, taken from the water-front, showing some of the giant buildings. In the foreground is seen the great Illinois Naval Reserve Armoury

CHICAGO'S CROOK KING:

The Romance of Crime in past ages is dramatically thrown on the dust-heap by the spectacular career of Al Capone, the Bootleg Dictator of Chicago. "Kim's" article dealing with the facts proves once more that Fact is Stranger than Fiction.

Al Capone, said to be worth over six million sterling, by his Bootlegging and Vice Trusts. A Neapolitan by origin, stout, very strong, of iron nerve, flat-nosed, with thick, pendulous lips, he can be genial and extremely generous. He usually sends a wreath of red roses to the funerals of his victims, with the inscription, "From Al"

WITHIN the last few days the Chicago police on the South Side have raided the Rex Hotel, searching for Cooney, one of "Scarface" Al Capone's principal lieutenants. Cooney manipulates the booths and business end of vice, liquor, and gambling operations on Chicago's South Side. He is an interesting man in a way, but nothing to Al Capone; so we must pass on, merely mentioning that at the present moment Mr. Cooney is thought to be lording it in the sunshine of Miami, the playground of American millionaires in Florida. He probably earns an income of at least $100,000 per annum, which is a mere bagatelle of the enormous profits made by bosses in the big crook business. On November 19, Jack Guzik, Capone's business manager, was convicted of defrauding the Government of more than $100,000 for income tax. The money made is regarded as illegal, yet while the U.S. authorities maintain an enormous force to enforce the Volstead liquor laws, at the same time they demand income tax from the gangsters on their illicit gains.

PERHAPS Americans might retort that there is not much difference between that and the British Government, who look over the end of their spectacles when they hear of a sweepstake, or promptly put a man into gaol if he is found betting in the streets, and yet demand a high income tax from bookmakers!

THE interesting point about the raiding of the Rex Hotel, off Michigan Avenue, called the Chicago "'posh' street," is that the police have discovered at long last some astonishing evidence of big bribes which the Assistant States Attorney, Mr. Charles K. Mueller, who was in the raid, regards as astonishing. "We have found names in the pay-off list which we dare not talk about yet," said the Attorney, "Some of the cancelled cheques are of an astonishing nature and tend to implicate highly placed persons." The world to-day is undoubtedly interested in this amazing excrescence of civilisation, this Sicilian-Irish conspiracy of criminals who have defied the law for nine years; men who have murdered one another in the open street by day and by night; have bombarded hotels with fleets of cars armed with rapid-firing machine guns; have fought open actions against one another in the main thoroughfares, compelling the poor wretched citizens to flee for their lives and hide in the nearest cellars or behind the nearest building; have also amassed fabulous fortunes, and who, despite frequent boasts of the authorities and the police, enjoy absolute immunity from their crimes. If you want to know how the King of Crooks, Al, has made himself a Mussolini of underworld crime in Chicago you should read the very instructive and brilliantly written biography of him by Fred D. Pasley (published by Faber and Faber, 24, Russell Square, at 7*s.* 6*d.*).

TO-DAY, according to Mr. Pasley, Al is worth at least six to seven million sterling, but even so he would give a great deal to get out of it. He never knows from one minute to another in the twenty-four hours of the day that someone is not creeping behind or finding some means to put him On the Spot. For instance, Mr. Pasley says this: "If I had known," said Capone, "the time they tried to bribe the chef in the Little Italy Café to put prussic

"Al" sunning himself at his villa on Palm Island, Florida, where he successfully defied the whole commonwealth of Florida to eject him. While Chicago was in the throes of Mayor Thompson's Campaign, and he was driven out of Chicago as a menace to Big Politics, Capone, interviewed on the situation, said laconically, "I like it down here. It's warm—but not too warm!"

"SCARFACE," the "Big Shot" Gangster: by "KIM"

acid in my soup, what I was steping into in Chicago, I never would have left the Five Points Outfit." The Five Points Outfit, I should mention, is a kind of graduation school or college for quick pull hijack murder lads in New York wanting to join gangs. The Five Points Outfit have produced many other scoundrels and assassins, and it was from there that Torrio, originally Al's patron or boss, and who was bumped off in 1925, brought him to Chicago.

AL CAPONE is described as more than Jekyll and Hyde; he is divisible into four parts, namely, Al, the feudal baron of Cicero, an affluent suburb of Chicago with a population of 70,000, which he controls absolutely since all are his creatures, and where he runs all the saloons, owns all the illicit beer breweries, owns the race track and greyhound racing outfit, as well as all the gambling and disreputable houses. Then there is Al, the Michigan Avenue business man—booze and racketeer boss. There is Al, the seigneur of a Florida Estate. Al, the home lad. There are many G.H.Q. of Capone's, but perhaps the most spectacular was the Hawthorne Hotel, Main Street, Cicero, the "Ealing" of Chicago

THE Hawthorne Hotel is a three-storey brick structure—really a garrison—with steel shuttered windows and a heavily stocked arsenal, facing the central block of the suburbs' main thoroughfare. Sightseers, called locally rubber-necked bus ballyhooers, call it the "Capone Castle." To interview Capone you enter through a passage way 25 ft. long opening into the street and leading to a quadrangular lobby. All the furniture, including chairs, settees, lounges, the clerk's desk, the telephone switchboard and the cigar counter were so arranged as to converge upon the passage way. The visitor found himself in the centre of a kind of stage undergoing a visual onslaught. His coming had been at once "tipped off" by a lookout man at the street-door, who pressed a buzzer. Besides this, Al never employed fewer than a dozen ostensible idlers in the lobby, men with indigo stippled chins and eyes expressionless as those of a dead mackerel—the Capone bodyguard. They gaze from behind newspapers and through a haze of cigarette smoke amid an ear-splitting silence. "Here, as securely entrenched as in a fortress, Capone directed the bootleg war as well as his various Cicero enterprises." Aside from vice, gambling, and booze, the chief of these was the Hawthorne Kennel Club's Dog tracks, a $500,000 project with 400 greyhounds to chase the electric rabbit.

AL has become in recent years more or less rather an aristocrat. He wants to know who people are before he will meet them. To-day Chicago sees him as a suave patron of the turf, clubhouse, and the dog tracks' private boxes: impeccably tailored; diamonds and solitaires in tie pin and ring; rose in buttonhole, binocular swinging over his shoulders. Now the "Big Shot," of whom there have only been four recognised; but in 1920, when he made his lowly début into the Chicago underworld, the Mussolini of crime was ostensibly a vulgar person. He was loud of dress, free of profanity, hard knuckled, a tough baby from Five Points of New York City. Boss of the Fou. Deuces—Torrio's all-round handy man. Still—a pleasing enough fellow to meet socially in the speak-easy; a fervent handshaker with an agreeable ingratiating smile discussing the turf, the ring, the stage, the gridiron and the baseball field. What the police reporters call a "right guy." Height about 5 ft. 8 in.,

(Continued on page 186)

Wm. Randolph Hearst, guest of Chicago, with Mayor Thompson. Mayor Thompson—self-styled "Big Bill"—got re-elected as Mayor in 1927. He said he would "drive the crooks out of Chigago in ninety days." It has been charged against him publicly that Al Capone subscribed a great sum of the Mayor's expenses of running for office. "Big Bill" has proclaimed himself "Wetter than the middle of the Atlantic Ocean." Presented with a car he raised the rear left seat with an extra cushion and had a spotlight installed, which was turned on at nights to illumine his torso and face. "The people like to see their Mayor," he explained. It was Mayor Thompson who wanted to "Bust King George on the snoot," and accused American history of being distorted on behalf of the King of England.

Left—*Dion O'Banion, chief of the O'Banion clan, who was put on the spot in 1924. He was the rival of Torrio and Capone, and was nominally engaged in a profitable flower-store business. Three men entered his shop in broad daylight to order an expensive wreath for a gangster, one shook hands with him, preventing him from seizing a "gun," and the other two shot him through and through. They gave him a $10,000 silver casket, with the inscription on the marble slab, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me."*

Right—*Here is John Torrio—another of the "Big Shots," of whom only four were recognised, besides Torrio, O'Banion and Weiss (a Pole, now killed). Torrio was shot down by the O'Banion faction, a car coming up as he and Mrs. Torrio alighted before their home in Clyde Avenue after shopping. The O'Banions riddled him with buckshot and '45 calibre bullets. He refused in hospital to split on the enemy gang and Capone avenged him subsequently.*

AT THE PLAY

THE VERY DEVIL AT THE

"FOLLY TO BE WISE," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE

The Trials of the Telephone. The Victim (James Albert Trahan) cannot get on to a number a few doors off, while distant places all over the globe are switched through with neatness and despatch

"Colonel Satan," at the Haymarket

AN obscure wine-shop in Paris on a cold, cold evening in 1811, where there are apparently some rough-stuff customers. Later it transpires that they are conspirators in disguise brought together there by Mme. La Baronne de Bannalac, who ostensibly wishes to restore Louis XVIII to the throne in preference to the game of Nap.

THESE conspirators are such half-wits that they are unaware that they have been joined by Aaron Burr, a Yankee Colonel in reduced circumstances, who is only too willing to join in their plans, plottings and what nots. He suggests that to avoid the attentions of the police they shall all meet at midnight at Madame's house, where a soirée is being held, and after inducing an English oaf to change his gaudy raiment for the Colonel's rags, the curtain falls just before the breeches do.

IN Act II the conspirators arrive at Madame's. They plot, plan and what not no more than in Act I, but the Yankee Colonel discovers that there is a spy in their midst, and, what is more, an agent provocateur, which dual rôle is sustained by the Countess. He tips the wink, so to speak, to his fellow-conspirators not to keep a further appointment at the wine-shop because he suspects the lady. And the audience, when the curtain falls, still anxiously wait for something interesting to happen, for all they have learnt is that the Yankee Colonel would very much like to have an affaire with the woman who is doing her damnedest to betray them!

IN Act III there is a duel with pistols between the Colonel and an American painter, an attempt by Madame, who turns out to be the mistress of the Chief of Police, to collar the conspirators, some of whom have already done a bunk, and the play ends with the Colonel accepting an invitation to visit Madame. And that is all there is to it, except some bits of extremely uninteresting American history thrown in as a makeweight. These certainly add weight, but fail to make the play more interesting.

ABOUT five times out of six costume plays written nowadays show fine feathers, but the birds inside 'em are stuffed. Booth Tarkington's play is among the fives. Quite apart from the fact that his characters are a nebulous lot whom it is difficult to take seriously, these poor boobs have precious little of interest to do and even of less interest to say. If there was a witty line spoken throughout the entire evening I missed it.

A GOOD company wrestled with this Wardour Street product unavailingly. May Agate as the Duchesse de St. Pol, called by everyone St. Pol de Léon—they had evidently visited Brittany lately—gave us an amusing moment. Nigel Bruce, until the repetition of a single joke palled, gave us more than one; but Jeanne de Casalis seemed worried as to the type of woman La Baronne de Bannalac really was, and for this I cannot blame her. Jack Livesey, Esme Percy, Julian D'Albie and Frederick Culley were some of the conspirators who failed to conspire, while Frank Vosper was the Yankee Colonel, a part which would have been played by Henry Ainley but for his illness. No one, I should think, regretted that fine actor's indisposition more than Frank Vosper.

"Tantivy Towers," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

THE book and lyrics of A. P. Herbert's light opera, *Tantivy Towers*, which has as its theme the contrasting of Bohemian Chelsea with the huntin' and shootin' shires, make a combination of wit and satire which are the best things of their kind which have been written for years. It is a thousand pities, therefore, that the majority of the company at the Lyric, Hammersmith, do not appear to realise this and give the audience a chance of hearing what the author wrote.

UNLESS the company's clarity of diction improves I should advise everybody to do as I did, and plank down a nimble shilling for the "book of the words," as otherwise they will lose much of what should be enjoyed.

"Barbarous Work." Cicely Courtneidge in one of her brilliant character sketches as Mrs. Grudd, the widowed lady barber, giving her customer (Laurence Green) a close shave. Her jealousy has been aroused by Edie (Phyl Arnold), the maid, who says she has seen Henry Giddy (Ivor McLaren) at a cinema with another "lidy"

HAYMARKET THEATRE — By Vernon Woodhouse

A small Bunch of Keys. Nelson Keys returns to revue after a long absence and appears in a variety of parts and makes-up. Above are a few samples—all up to sample

days that are passed, W. S. Gilbert isted upon faultless enunciation in oy operas, and I wish A. P. H. were great a martinet.

BUT the author, like the audience, has, I think, another cause for com- int, and this is against the producer, Nigel Playfair, who in the first act completely failed to give an air of de vivre to some Chelsea studio els. These Bohemians, under the yfair tutelage, are really very dull s, far duller than the Hunting Set th which they are supposed to afford trast, which is a pity, and reacts the author's intentions.

THERE is one more point which, at all events, will occasion divergent vs, and that is the fact that through- the whole evening every word is ng and not one spoken. Frankly, puts rather too great a strain on most attentive audience, and I hope author will, when next he gives us opera, allow us *some* speech, for his rk is not of the quality summed up n the phrase that what is too silly to speak must be sung!

BUT despite inaudibility and faulty production *Tantivy Towers* is an entertainment quite out of the common, and one which should enjoy a big measure of success: a success helped by Trefor Jones, who plays the part of a celebrated tenor. This singer is a very fine tenor who can also act, and I think he'll soon be celebrated. Other members of the cast who "do their bit" with neatness and precision, and against whom the charge of inaudibility cannot be laid, are Roy Russell as a belted Earl, and Harvey Braban, a M.F.H. The music by Thomas F. Dunhill is to the Philistine ear somewhat lacking in catchy melody unless one excepts a song called "John Peel," which, I understand, was written by another composer!

"The Limping Man," at the Royalty Theatre

WILL SCOTT, the author of this new mystery play at the Royalty, has not been afraid to use most of the old ingredients in concocting his dramatic brew, but he brings a welcome leavening of humour to the dialogue, with the result that the laughs predominate over the thrills.

THE inevitable amateur detective arrives on the scene just after a dastardly attack has been made on the youthful owner of the house, and proceeds to clear up the mystery. Franklin Dyall has an easy task as Disher, the gentleman in question, and receives excellent support from Arthur Hardy as a retired Harley Street doctor more interested in brandy bottles than botulism. Ernest Stidwell as a saturnine butler, and Ronald Simpson as the luckless young owner.

EVE GRAY as the heroine Gloria has little to do but to look attractive and appealing, and does do excellently. By the way, Gloria would appear to be rather a remarkable young woman, for, according to the programme, she is the daughter of no fewer than three of the male characters in a cast which provides an amusing evening's entertainment, and what it may lack in originality of plot is more than atoned for by the many amusing lines that enliven the dialogue.

SKETCHES OF "FOLLY TO BE WISE," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

"Folly To Be Wise," at the Piccadilly

AFTER reading my eulogies of this revue the artist, H. H. Harris, who adorns these pages with his sketches, took the bit between his teeth and insisted upon visiting the Piccadilly. The result of this visit is seen on these pages. The success of this show has been instantaneous, for the reason that the money expended on it has been mixed with brains, and that in Cicely Courtneidge there is an actress with such a keen eye for the ludicrous in character, and with such an aptitude for caricature, that whatever she does makes for merriment. V. W.

Two of Les Cinq Citrons, danseurs very extraordinaire. One of them is Cicely Courtneidge, who has added acrobatic dancing to her repertoire. She is here seen in one of her inspired moments

A TELEPHONE WHO'S WHO

COMPILED BY RICHARD VINER

"Would provide an ideal guide for Americans"

"Who's Who" this year warrants a small derrick to lift it from the shelf; the next issue of the London Telephone Directory will be in two volumes. We suggest a felicitous solution of this cumbersome problem by a combination of the three in one, A Telephone Who's Who.

It would fulfil many requirements, first, perhaps, as an ideal guide for Americans and others who may be unaware of the celebrity of some of our London residents.

(N.B.—Libel actions cannot be considered unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return.)

ABBY, Iya. Hostess. Description: Height, 6ft. Eyes: Blue. Hair: Fair. Occupation: Lady. Often called "The Greta Garbo of Green Street." Recreations: Dodging Abbys. **PORtman 4040.**

ACTON, Harold and William. Two intellectual æsthetes in search of culture by way of Lancaster Gate and Palazzo Vecchio. Publications: "The Wild West Party," 1929. Recreations: Cinque Cento furniture. **MANners 4040.**

ANSLEY, Sydney and Betty. Lawn tennis and skating champions. Won mixed dbls., Ascot Easter Meeting, 1930.; Skated Wimbledon, Grosvenor House and other ponds. Both thin and thick ice. Recreations: Stock Exchange, Bridge, Kempton Park, Pytchley, Sandown, etc. **CHEvalier 4040.**

BACK, Barbara. See **Ivor Back, Wife of.**

BACK, Ivor. Husband of the beautiful Barbara Back, hostess, authoress, friend of Noel Coward, Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham, and all that. Recreations: Looking backwards. **TURnham 4040.**

CARTLAND, Barbara. See **McCorquodale, A. G.**

COCHRAN, C. B. See "A Showman's Tales," 12/6, or "The Secrets of a Showman," same price. Or take a stall, "Evergreen," "Cochran's 1931 Varieties," or "Bitter Sweet." Motto: "One Damned Coward after Another." **NOEL 4040.**

COLEFAX, Lady. The chateleine of Chelsea. Here in the King's Road is Greenwich Village and the Boul' Mich' rolled into one. Louis Bromfield dedicated "Twenty-four Hours" to her. If you write, too, she may like you. See also **Cunard, Lady.** Recreations: Climbing. **SYBil 4040.**

"The Greta Garbo of Green Street"

CUNARD, Lady. She is Watteau, Sargent, Lavery in one. She is charming. She is brilliant. You would like her. Original member Society Protection Beecham Opera. Founder member Improvement Americans in England. Recreations: Off the beaton track. **BEEcham 4040.**

GORDON, Hatty. Mentioned 100 times by gossip writers, 1930. Was seen at 135 first nights; 2 months every night same night club. Recreations: Myself. **MIDnight 4040.**

HULTON, Edward, politician. Graduating for Parliament on instalment system, "The Drage Way to Westminster." 1st instalment, Leeks, Staffs. 2nd instalment, Harwich. Recreations: Evan, Lois, Betty and I. **BALdwin 4040.**

JOHNSTON, Percy Lawson, affectionately known as "The Beatl." Made the only successful American investment in 1930. Originator of indoor golf, "Ca'Kenny," and other games. Recreations: The Embassy. **ALIce 4040.**

LAWRENCE, Jim, society man and bricklayer. Now publisher. Publications: 'Yes, Father," "Digging Graves," "Guinness is Good for You," "The Kinde Dragon" (with E. Hulton 1930). Recreations: Social. **GUInness 4040**

PRONTO, Prince. First and last of the Schnauzer-Otway line. No relation King's Cross or any other line. Recreations: Hunting Siamese cats and refusing to be married. **PRIncely 4040.**

SETTIPASSI, Pepina, an American brunette. And they marry brunettes! Hence Aldo, husband, "best dressed man in Italy." Once handsomest. Recreations: Mirrors. **MUMsie 4040.**

Then, of course, there would no doubt be something in the nature of the announcements in the Agony Columns.

ARDEN, Elizabeth. Face and skin merchant. If you cannot look your wife in the face let me come and look at her for you. One dab from me and all the world's askin. Recreations: Facing the world. **WRInkle 4040.**

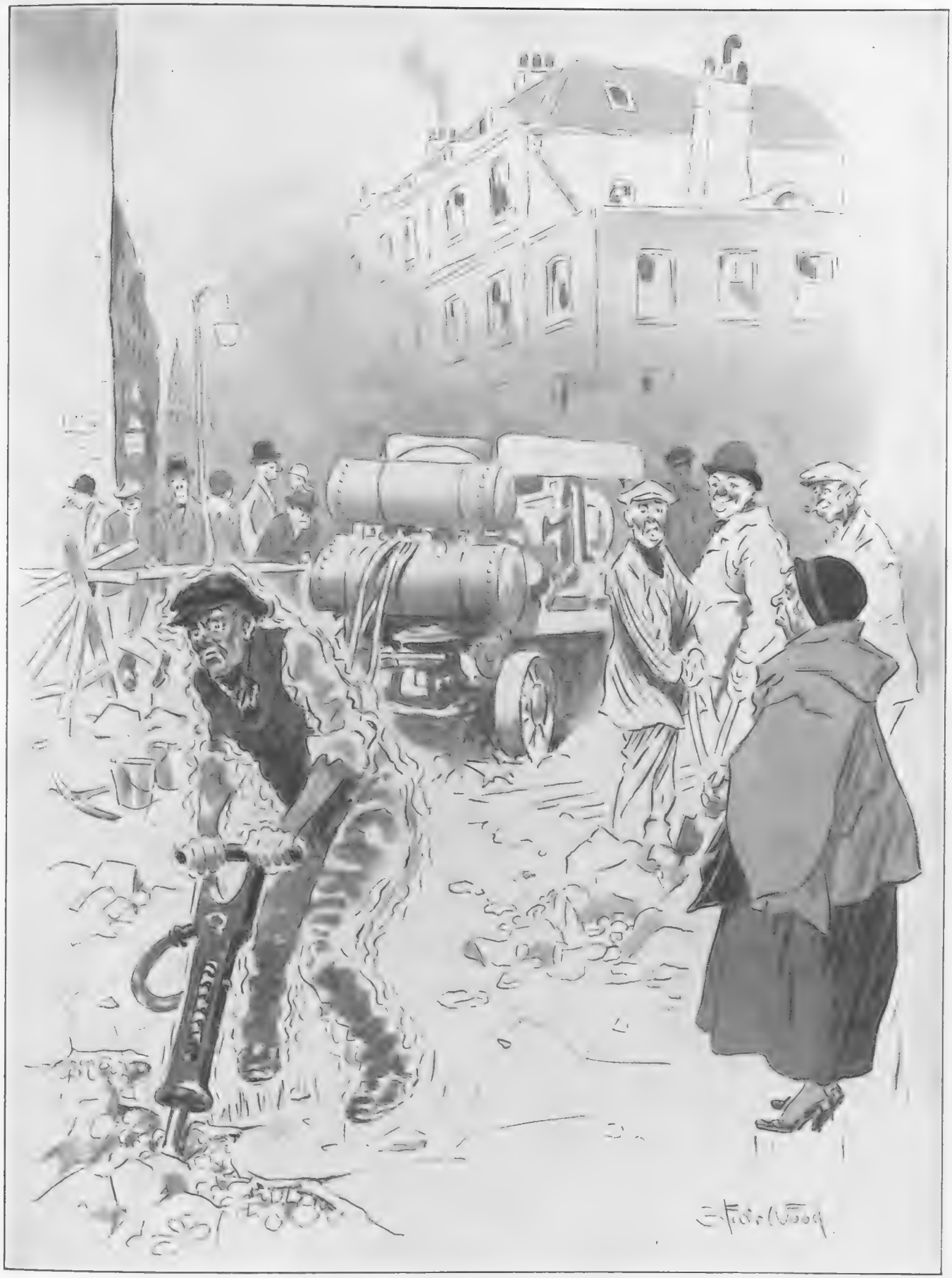
AGATE, James, theatrical jeweller. All good plays decorated with utmost skill. French settings a speciality. Films and books also catered for. Recreations: Cow-punching. **HACkney 4040.**

McCORQUODALE, A. G., husband of Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale (B. Cartland, novelist). If you have enjoyed one of my wife's charity pageants why not try one of her novels. I am sure you would like them. The Kirkcudbrightshire "Echo" said: "The paper wrapper certainly gives Miss Cartland's work all the appearance of novels." 7*s.* 6*d.* each, or post free 8*s.* **BARbara 4040.**

MORTON, J. B., writer. Write anything from sky-signs to mottoes. Prices on application. Recreations: Listening to canaries singing in my beard. **THAke 4040.**

SWAFFER, Hannen. First journalist to think of writing about himself. First always, even first nights. Publications: "I—I—I," "More of Me." Recreations: Savoy Grill, "Daily Express." **EGO 4040.**

"If you cannot look your wife in the face"



BY STARR WOOD

HIS WIFE: "*You ain't brought 'ome no money for a fortnight. You want a darned good shaking, you do!*"

If Gossip We Must.

POLA NEGRI

The greatest of silent film vamps, who will make her English stage debut at the Coliseum on February 9 in a sketch in which she will appear as a Russian gipsy singer and dancer. She says that the question of her entry into talkies will depend on her success or otherwise with an English audience

Isn't there a tendency to be just a shade unjust to the hunting people? The joke of the past week—and the best joke in the world of the theatre for many a week—is A. P. Herbert's *Tantivy Towers*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Herbert's satire is brilliant, and he is never too cruel to those preposterous huntin' and shootin' folk at whom he pokes such delicious fun.

But I have met quite a lot of huntin' and shootin' folk who are not in the least preposterous. It is the business of the writers of comic operas to overstate a case slightly, and I am glad they do, if they are amusing over it. There is, however, nothing amusing in saying, as so many people do say, that every man who puts on a pink coat, and every woman who puts on a riding habit, is a Philistine half-wit, who can talk of nothing but some silly run from somebody's Spinney to somebody else's Gorse.

In short, the hunting folk need a little defence. Many of them can read and write. Major "Tommy" Bouch, M.F.H., can even write poetry. Whyte-Melville, a hunting man if ever there was one, wrote novels. Lord Dunsany, poet and dramatist, is a hunting man. I could name a dozen or more hunting women who can sing charmingly after a hard day with hounds, and the ability to sit a horse well does not completely rule out a sense of humour.

Perhaps "A. P. H." will one day write a sequel to *Tantivy Towers* which will show us the other side of the question. It would be pleasant to find him, in his inimitable way, pulling the legs of the more pretentious Bohemians, of the givers of insincere studio parties, of silly young men in Bloomsbury with sprouting side-whiskers, who talk an unconscionable amount of twaddle as they prance about Buckinghamshire with a rucksack and no hat, or go to Paris once

M. Charles, the world-famous restaurateur, who presided over the destiny of Claridge's for many years. He is taking up a similar position at the Dorchester, the palatial new hotel, which has risen Phœnix-like from the ashes of Dorchester House, in Park Lane

Topical

The wild strains of the bagpipes, especially when heard indoors, are apt to prove a little too much of a good thing to Sassenach ears, but Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, as befits a true Scot, has no such qualms. He is seen above, on his seventy-eighth birthday, listening to his piper playing old Scottish airs. With him is Lady Forbes-Robertson and three of his daughters, Miss Diana (left), Mrs. Freeman-Thomas and Miss Chloe

a year with a third-class ticket and, half tight on cheap brandy, lounge about the Place Pigalle aping Henri Murger's unwashed cadgers.

Let us hold the balance evenly, for the sake of all that is holy from Montparnasse to Melton Mowbray.

A LITTLE sportsman who does hold the balance evenly is Harry Preston, who numbers among his friends princes and painters, boxers and actors, and

BY HYNES

"SO SORRY!"

Dorothy Wilding

ELIZABETH POLLOCK

Whose clever impersonations form a nove "curtain-raiser" at the Ambassadors Theatre. The play which follows is Miss E. M Delafield's witty comedy, "To See Ourselves"

anyone in any walk of life whom he finds interesting. It was good to be at that "welcome back" lunch at the Piccadilly, where Harry, with his bodyguard of doctors, Cabinet ministers, equerries, and journalists, was once again able to tug away at the hands of his guests and offer them some of "the old and bold."

Perhaps that tug is not quite so strong as it used to be, for Harry has been as near the Great Beyond as makes any odds. But all is well now, and I have no doubt it will get stronger.

And I am still wondering what Tom Shaw and Lord Westmorland, who were neighbours at this lunch, found to talk to each other about.

FOR month after month, even at the risk of boresome repetition, have I been protesting against the injustice of the very few having to bear the brunt of the taxation out of which the many benefit. Congratulations and encouragement have reached me; also some abusive letters, whereat I rejoiced, since they proved that THE BYSTANDER'S scope is wider than I had imagined, and that it is read also by the Proletariat. *Tant mieux!* But praise, or at any rate endorsement, of such protests from the trades unions of all quarters in this muddled country is praise indeed.

READ, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following from the Report on Taxation issued by the General Federation of Trades Unions: "It is foolish to expect that the social improvements for many millions can continuously be paid for by exactions from the wealth of a few thousands." What does the *Daily Herald*—now grown suddenly milder and, incidentally, depriving me of no end of fun, say to that?

IT is, of course, the soundest of common sense, and it shows a touch of justice that should make one hopeful. Mr. Foster Clark, whose support of charities somewhere down in Kent has hitherto been on a munificent scale, defends his necessary dropping of such expenditure in much the same way in a card he now sends in reply to appeals. "In the 1930 Budget," he writes, "the Government placed the whole of the extra cost of social services on less than two per cent. of the electorate. In my case this extra taxation absorbs the whole of the sum I place on one side for charitable purposes. Consequently it is no longer available."

THIS is not the excuse of a mean man in order to get out of giving anything to charity; it is the explanation, forced on him by circumstances, of a generous man who has always given lavishly. In Mr. Foster Clark's position there are many more. And now will the authorities cease their

By Wilson Fenning

"Hullo, there's Buddelly, the playwright, reviving one of his old farces"

Janet Jevons

Angela Baddeley, who is playing one of the leading parts in "To Account Rendered." This new drama by John Hastings Turner opened at the New Theatre on January 23

A "SCRAP" OF PAPER

Mr. Lloyd George recently launched a violent attack on "The Times," claiming that it had, by cutting and suppression of one of his articles for the Hearst Press, conveyed a totally wrong impression of his views on the Baldwin settlement with America.

OH, fie upon the Fourth Estate!
Let Fleet Street hang its shameful head!
All England (not to mention Wales)
With horror positively pales
At what "The Times" has said
About one who, though lacking nous,
Is always simple and ingenuous.

To criticise a timid soul
Who has throughout his long career
Thrown not a particle of mud,
Or thirsted for a rival's blood,
Or launched a covert sneer,
Is not, I don't mind telling you,
A thing a paper like "The Times" should do.

What though the Editor makes out
A case that's watertight and strong?
Our David, not the least upset,
Will prove to his own liking yet
That what they write is wrong,
And if he still is feeling sore
Will call the poor old "Times" the "Thund-error."

B. W.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"THE THUNDERER" trounces LL-G.

Topical

Mr. Lloyd George and Miss Megan exercising their dogs in the grounds of his Surrey home at Churt, where he recently celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday

Wide World

Bron-y-de, Churt, Mr. Lloyd George's Surrey home. One of the ways in which he celebrated his birthday was by attacking "The Times," which he accused of creating a false impression that he had approved the Baldwin agreement with America by giving a garbled quotation of one of his articles for the Hearst Press. "The Times" was not slow to take up the challenge, and a nice little squabble ensued

Wide World

The Squire of Churt photographed on his sixty-eighth birthday. Had he known of the rod "The Times" had in pickle for him he might have appeared still more ruffled!

The Crime King of Chicago
See page 150b

silly prosecutions and persecutions of sweeps, lotteries, etc., for hospitals?

S

How would you like to see your mother travestied on the films forty years after her death, made the "heroine" of all sorts of American cinema-made adventures with no kind of relation to fact, and played by a Hollywood film star bearing not the faintest resemblance to her? I can well understand the indignation of Mrs. Raymond Maude over the "Jenny Lind" film, for Jenny Lind was her mother. There are plenty of people still living who remember "the Swedish Nightingale"—she died as recently as 1887—and a much beloved and saintly woman she was, my father, who knew her, used to tell me. Yet here she is, for all the millions of cinema fans to see, depicted as a flighty young person who had a love-affair with a Swedish composer who got blinded while fighting about her in an Italian opera-house, as a temperamental prima donna who loses her voice in public, and so forth. Not a single one of these events has the vaguest foundation on fact.

S

Mrs. Maude, who, by the way, is the mother of Charles Maude, the actor (Cyril Maude's cousin), and consequently the grandmother of that promising youngster, Joan Maude, deserves much sympathy. Surely some time-limit should be placed—say, a hundred years after their death—on the portrayal of real people on the screen unless the consent of relatives is asked and every effort made, with their assistance, to give only actual facts and a genuine character-study. I hear that Noel Coward gave this film the title "Jenny Lind." Not one of his happiest efforts, considering that, in reality, it has nothing whatsoever to do with "Jenny Lind." It would have been just as senseless, and far more diplomatic, to call it "Jenny Wren" or "Mrs. Harris."

FILM NOTES

A PYJAMA PARTY

Fay Compton, Dodo Watts, Adele Dixon and Margot Graham on the set at Elstree for a new British International production, "The Happy Husband," directed by Norman Walker

THE JUNGLE GOES HOLLYWOOD

By Lionel Collier

THERE have been many African travel pictures, and all of them have had an interest for me in their depiction of hardships, strange customs, and big game. In fact, to my mind, one of the most important functions of the cinema has been that it has rendered it possible to present to a large section of the community things which, in the ordinary course of events, they would never see, and things of which they would, without the screen, be entirely ignorant.

I THINK I have never seen a more compelling travel film than "Africa Speaks," which has just been put on for a season at the New Gallery. For the first time talk has been introduced into seemingly real African locations, in addition to the usual accompaniment of a lecturer, and the result is a sense of intimacy that has not hitherto been attained.

ADMITTEDLY many of these dialogue scenes are of the studio, but if the effect of such interpolation is to add realism to a travel picture they are surely justified. The film itself is a pictorial record of Paul Hoefler's expedition across Central Africa; starting at Akasa, it lasted two years, covered 14,000 miles, and ended up at Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean. The picture contains remarkable shots of the pygmies of the Ituri forest, of lion, impallas, flamingoes, giraffes, elephant and a storm of locusts.

ADMITTEDLY the American commentator gets a bit high flown in his language, and is apt not only to exaggerate, but also to make claims to exclusiveness which are not justified. But the fact remains that here we have a narrative that has continuity and a sense of the dramatic, and it is irresistible in its appeal to those of us whose life is bounded on all sides by a very humdrum civilisation.

THERE is one thing in the picture which will undoubtedly raise controversy. While the travellers were shooting their amazing photographs of lion, a native chief's son was sprung upon and killed. This shot, taken by a second cameraman, is shown, as is also the subsequent action of Hoefler and his companion, who followed the beast and killed it with their revolvers. Should this tragedy be shown? In my own opinion I should say yes, because it was dependent on the risks run in an expedition of this kind, and it is in no sense included as a "stunt." Many pictures which have deliberately set out to thrill artificially have counted their losses of life, not in ones, but in dozens.

I SHOULD like to go into the poetry of action expressed by the slow motion shots of the impallas jumping, of the giraffes in full gallop, of the elephants, of the Masai lion hunt, of the storm of locusts, the interesting tribal customs of the Masai, the pygmies and the duck bill women of Ubangi, but space forbids. It is sufficient to say that here is a travel picture that should not on any account be missed.

Mae Murray and George Barraud in "Peacock Alley," in which the former silent star discovers a charming voice and real dramatic ability. The scene is one of tempter and tempted, as one might guess

Edmund Breon, as an erring husband, discovers that Mlle. Pom Pom (Ursula Jeans) is as embarrassing as she is embracing. A scene from Seymour Hicks' version of the stage play, "The Love Habit"

Owen Nares as a "down-and-out" in a talkie version of the stage play, "Conflict." This British picture is now being presented at the Regal under the title of "The Woman Between"

FOLLOWING "Grumpy," at the Plaza, which had an exceedingly short run of a week, and so, I am afraid, finished before my notice of it came out, is "The Love Habit," with another stage veteran, Seymour Hicks. It is on as I write, and if it gets the support it deserves it should be on when this appears. At any rate it is a film worth remembering and seeing when it is generally released. The stage play is faithfully followed, and Seymour Hicks and Edmund Breon make the farcical situations thoroughly amusing. Both of them have adapted themselves admirably to the camera, and as a comedy team they have nothing to fear from American competition. It is a pity that the women are not up to the same standard. Margot Grahame, the young nineteen-year-old actress, is fair, but her actions are still stiff and immature. Elsa Lanchester suffers from having a part that gives her no chance, and also, I suspect, a lack of adequate direction.

THERE have not been many recruits from the music hall to the screen, except in America's all singing, all dancing, all talking—shall we say masterpieces? But now Ernie Lotinga has had one of his sketches, "P.C. Josser," filmed, and it is very well done. Sheer nonsense, of course, with the melodramatic racing story acting as a background for Lotinga's particular type of broad fooling. It is essentially of the British music hall tradition, and as such is a change from the everlasting transatlantic brand.

AMONG the releases this week is a picture which is interesting not only from the point of view of dramatic treatment, but because it brings back an old favourite, Mae Murray, who formerly was renowned more for her figure than her histrionic ability. In "Peacock Alley" she shows she can act and also discovers an attractive voice. She is supported extremely well by the English actor, George Barraud, and Jason Robards.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY CLEMENCE DANE

READERS who are hesitating between the Book Society's six selections should not take home that provocative novel, Edward Thompson's *A Farewell to India*, if they want a peaceful week-end. They will talk about the Empire and lose their tempers if they do. A shocker, John Lambourne's *Trooper Fault*, for instance, is much more the thing. This cheerful chronicle, which reads as if it were worked up from an actual diary, describes a young Englishman's adventures in British South Africa. He joins the Mounted Police, and in the end finds a wife; but also finds that in Africa, as in Mr. Thompson's India, the problem of "lesser breeds without the law" looms large.

THEN there is *Many Dimensions*, by Charles Williams. It concerns a gang of unscrupulous folk who get hold of the Sacred Stone which an Empire builder who knew not Demos once wore upon his forehead. They misuse the holy thing; it avenges itself; and the peace of the Empire is threatened until it is rescued. *Many Dimensions* is a grand yarn; and yet "yarn" is hardly the right word; for the story is not merely exciting, but written with religious earnestness. Incidentally, the author contrives to tell us pretty tartly what he thinks is wrong with us and our Empire to-day. He says, in effect, that through pursuit of material gain we have lost our sense of the Beauty of Holiness; so let us beware—for whom the gods will destroy they first make self-satisfied.

NOR, once roused, will they spare the poor. So much is made pathetically plain in Neil Gunn's *Morning Tide*. This beautiful, quiet novel of Scottish life describes the break-up, in pain and grief, of a devoted family. The son must go unwillingly to Australia, leaving behind him all that he loves, because prosperity has deserted "the grey coast."

PERHAPS of all the batch Esther Meynell's *Grave Fairytale* is the peacefullest reading; for it has the charm and unreality of a legend. It tells us about a great story-teller and a great musician who were friends in a fairy-tale Germany a hundred years ago, when life was simpler than it is nowadays and people broke their hearts over problems of art and love, not Empire.

NEVERTHELESS, when we travel up after the week-end, I doubt if we shall be able to refrain from dipping into Mr. Thompson's novel, especially with the newspapers full of the Indian Conference and riots in Bombay. India is in all our minds, as Ireland was a few years ago. So what is *A Farewell to India* about?

"The adventures and problems of an educational missionary in Bengal."

"What is Bengal?"

"A province of India."

BOOKS MENTIONED

GRAVE FAIRYTALE. By Esther Meynell. (Chapman and Hall: 8s. 6d.)
MANY DIMENSIONS. By Charles Williams. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)
TROOPER FAULT. By John Lambourne. (John Murray: 7s. 6d.)
A FAREWELL TO INDIA. By Edward Thompson. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
MORNING TIDE. By Neil Gunn. (Porpoise Press: 7s. 6d.)

EDWARD THOMPSON

The author of that provocative book, "A Farewell to India" (Benn, 7s. 6d.), which is reviewed by Miss Clemence Dane on this page.

"Explain India!"

This is the uncomfortable sort of question and answer which Mr. Thompson's wicked book provokes.

WHENEVER I read a new book dealing with any of the White Man's more recent Burdens a phrase comes into my mind about the English "bestowing the blessings of firm, uniform government upon subject peoples designed by nature to develop upon totally different lines." I don't know who wrote that mocking sentence. It's possibly Shaw, and it's probably incorrectly quoted. But, anyway, it stings enough as it stands to make one wonder at the patience with which generations of Englishmen endure such gibes. I am sure Englishwomen wouldn't. But then, the longer one lives the more one realises that Englishmen are much more unselfish, meddlesome, duty-driven and conscience-ridden than Englishwomen! If women were in charge of affairs, I don't believe there'd be an Empire. There'd be one comfortable, well-run island, deadly dangerous when attacked, but with no ambition to reform the world, and it would be the turn of anyone who pleased to "bestow the blessings of firm, uniform government" upon subject peoples.

I EXPECT it's a good thing for the world that the masculine-democratic view of life prevails, rather than the feminine-autocratic; and I am quite sure that the sheep-dog, the friend of man, is a more admirable creature than Old Mother Tabbyskins! And yet—and yet—what was Queen Elizabeth but a wise cat who sent out her furious cubs to hunt rats and bring home rabbits, but never entered them for sheep-herding trials?

WELL, the democratic point of view has certainly changed the British attitude to the responsibilities of Empire. The Empire asks for the sacrifice of lives and happiness as well as that daily, deadly petty sacrifice of time, patience, humour and hope, which Mr. Thompson so brilliantly describes in his novel. Somebody ought to be grateful, concludes the reader. Is anyone? Read the newspaper reports! Or read the author's report of a conversation between the Englishman, Alden, and Dinabandhu, the Indian nationalist. Says Alden:—

"There are two choices ahead of you folk. You can steer India into peaceful partnership with the rest of the Empire, or you can enter on the path which you think has always led to independence and glory before—that of assassination and guerrilla warfare."

"Peaceful partnership" The Nationalist passed beyond all control in his anger. "Your condescension is your worst insolence of all!"

"You keep looking at Ireland. Why not look at China?"

"We do," shouted Dinabandhu. "And we say, Better rivers of blood than a nation with its soul in chains!"

And so it goes on—a most revealing conversation. But the English reader is left feeling hurt, just as he used to feel when the Irish bullied him. It's hard that a nation which prides itself on abolishing slavery wherever it goes, should be accused at this time of day of putting people's souls in chains!

BUT there it is! The sheep-dog is sure that he is doing his duty by heading the flock into the fold. It is the admirable masculine point of view. And the cat is equally sure that she has no duty to anyone but herself and her family. It is the feminine point of view; selfish, no doubt; but the cat, too, makes a certain success of her life.

But I wonder what chorus of fury would sooner or later go up to the amused stars from all the deserted flocks if the English sheep-dog suddenly took it into his head to lay down all his burdens and lead the selfish, sensible cat life for a change! C. D.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A GLORIOUS CHANGE

BY GEORGE FROXFIELD

"SHOW a leg there!" cried Joyce, who, first thing in the morning, always seemed a shade larger and louder than life-size. "Show your medals, you prize hogger!"

There, as Hugh blinked and frowned and the echoes of the rattling curtain-rings subsided, she stood, in that aura of arrogance that shines about the up in the eyes of the down.

"I suppose," she added, "you've forgotten that you're meeting your co-trustees at ten? Your tub's drawn. Don't put on those musty, mustardy plus-fours. Blue serge—more appropriate. Breakfast 8.25. You'll catch the 9.10."

Through a chill drizzle, Joyce drove Hugh to the station, saw him safely into a fast up-train and handed him a slip of paper. With brows that went on knitting as though attendants on a guillotine, he read:

"I've written (i.) the Insurance office; (ii.) your mother to say we can't dine on Friday; (iii.) the income-tax people to keep 'em quiet.

"I've paid (i.) the telephone—they swore they'd cut it off; (ii.) a fiver on account at Harridge's; (iii.) the wireless licence.

"Don't forget to order the port through your pal.

"And if you see Peter knock some sense into his thick head. He's simply crazy about that little cat of a Neville girl. She turned him down for the umptieth time a week ago, and he's aspirining and talking of making a hole in the water. I do think she might make an honest man of him—after getting him talked about—so bad for a young solicitor."

"Lord," thought Hugh, "I meant to do all those jobs yesterday. Except Peter. Stap my vitals if I'll get mixed up with Peter. She can dry-nurse her own lout of a brother."

WHEN Joyce married Hugh Jervoise all their archaic mutual friends said "What an admirable match!" For both were very young and had known each other all their innocent lives, both adored golf, tennis, dancing and bridge (in that order, too), made fools of their Sealyhams, were frightfully anxious about any protuberance below the belt, and liked a gale to blow through their bedrooms.

But little by little Hugh had come to realise that the matching part of the match wasn't so exact. Though he outdrove her from the tee, her accuracy dished him on the green: then she had developed a cannon-ball service and was so hanged agile: then, too, it was a frightful fag to have to learn the Mid-way Rhythm and The Moochi—as though he were a gigolo: and, finally, her card-memory was simply prodigious—and Contract he found extremely intricate.

Joyce was so capable. She ran things so well. He was conscious that he himself had degenerated into being one of the mere things she ran.

Long ago an inarticulate resentment had germinated in him and sprouted, running as Creeping Jenny does, to root here, there and everywhere, till it's simply a smothering green blanket over a bed.

Or beds, reflected Hugh, as a taxi carried him across Westminster Bridge to the offices of Messrs. Fowler, Cameron and Co., in Abingdon Street. It—that mastery of Joyce's—had altered his feelings towards her utterly. Two peoplish they were. Rotten state of affairs. All very well for wives. Ninety per cent. rejoice when things subside. But men were different—at any rate he was.

"Lady, sir, telephoned you twice already," said an urbane clerk who greeted him. "Wouldn't give her name. Urgent, she said."

Joyce, thought Hugh. Reminding him of something. Ordering him to do or don't. Putrid invention, telephones.

HUGH's part in the meeting between his wife's young brother's trustees was subsidiary. Mr. Fowler talked. The admiral fulminated. The old general opposed. And Hugh said "Quite" three times and agreed with every word Mr. Fowler said.

Subsequently at his club Hugh had just collapsed into a huge chair when a page-boy arrived and said:

"Wanted on the 'phone, sir. Lady. Telephoned twice already."

Joyce. Damn!

But a girlish and, despite the intense agitation its tones betrayed, musical voice presently rang in Hugh's ear.

"It's me—Zoë Neville," Hugh heard. "You Mr. Hugh Jervoise—Peter's brother-in-law? I'm Ann's sister. I look after her. She's—gone! Peter's taking her off to Mentlieu."

"Mentlieu? Where's that?" asked Hugh.

It didn't matter. But a breathing space was essential. Peter taken her off! She had collared Peter. And he would not be dragged into the thing.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"It's somewhere in the South of France—the Riviera. She left a note. She didn't mean me to get it till to-morrow. I came home unexpectedly. They're going to the Hôtel Beau Séjours."

Hugh made faces at the hall-porter, but no audible comment.

"They may not have started yet. Try and find Peter, please. They must be stopped somehow—anyhow."

"They had better be," said Hugh. "Till he's twenty-five young Peter's dependent on the whims of a pack of Chadbandish trustees."

"Aren't you one of them?"

"Well, yes. You see, Peter mayn't even marry without our——. By the way, they've not been and got married, have they?"

"As if I'd be—be at my wits' end if they had! Ann's so abysmally silly. She can't just talk modern. She has to be it—live it. She says marriage is out of date."

"Lucky for Peter," commented Hugh. "Well, I'll ring up his rooms and his clubs, and all that. I'll do all I can, of course."

"Aren't you—*disgusted* with him? Ann's only a kid. It's loathsome. I—I'd knife him if I could. I'm going to hunt for them at once—in case they've not started."

With a clang the line went dead. Hugh's mouth hung open. The tip of his tongue beat a tattoo on his cheeks. Hang Peter! Draw and quarter Peter! But intervention was enforced. He rang up Peter's rooms and his clubs. He rang up Peter's closest pal, a barrister, who talked a lot but gave away nothing—quite like a solicitor.

And then he stood at the smoking-room window gazing out over the wet pavements.

THE Riviera. Sunshine. Flowers. Glittering blue sea and glittering gilt sands. Pursue them? Say it was for Joyce's sake? A small-size holiday. A—rest. Why not? Ready-made excuse. Hunt for them at Mentlieu. The mischief being done, he needn't find them immediately—no. The sheep and lamb doctrine applied to Peter's predicament.

A taxicab took Hugh to the Passport Office, to the flat of a J.P. to sign his application, and waited for him while a photographer reproduced him as a dago.

A feeling, last experienced homeward bound at the end of his final year at Marlchester, took possession of him as he concocted a telegram to Joyce.

"Absent one or two days. Rush Continent urgent business Writing Hugh."

Writing=Lie follows, Hugh remembered. Well, a little unfounded suspicion wouldn't hurt Joyce. All the bigger the reaction when she learnt the truth.

At his club Hugh kept a suit-case. He replenished it for Mentlieu and proceeded to Croydon. Not even the persistent illness of his fellow-passengers destroyed that feeling of joyous emancipation.

No one for a day or so would say "I've done" or remind him to do this, that or the other thing. He was at the wheel alone.

Mentlieu in the early morning sunshine delighted him. He had never glimpsed its tiny bay before, nor the terraced slopes of the hills behind, where lofty cypresses rise out of the woods like jade spires from an emerald city. Even the pink roofs and white façades of the villas seemed less glaringly obtrusive here than he remembered them at other places along that golden coast, but between what might have been the same row of palms, like feather dusting brushes stuck handle downwards monotonously beside the road, a car carried him to the Hôtel Beau Séjours.

"Peter, old lad," rehearsed Hugh, "this is a bally mess. You can't do this sort of thing with a girl like Ann Neville. With an actress now a bally mess is merely—a ballet mess."

Good that. He must remember to work it in.

Unfortunately, nothing whatever was known of Peter at the Beau Séjours. In consequence Hugh made a leisurely perambulation of the town. From hotel to hotel he sauntered enquiring for Peter in vain—and in relief.

At noon, in the shade of a vast umbrella, Hugh sat sipping a dry Martini, eyeing the crowd. Ten minutes later he first caught sight of the girl with the "conker" hair.

It had a shine and glitter and gleam and exactly the colour of a wet chestnut, and her eyes were only a shade more brown.

AT intervals she paused and stared at the people at the tables of the café, thronging past on the other side of the road in the crisp sunlight, chatting in the blue-black shadow of the Casino portico, climbing the slopes of the little Palais de Beaux-Arts or passing in and out of the Jardin Publique.

"Zoë . . . then shut the door and, leaning against it, breathlessly said: 'I trapped him. I wanted to make him help me'"

ILLUSTRATED BY LINDSAY CABLE

Presently, having caught sight of an empty table, she sat down at it.

"I—I don't want anything, thanks," said she to the waiter. "I'm—waiting for someone."

Nobody arrived. Her anxiety grew. She bit her vivid lower lip. Furtively she dabbed at her eyes.

"I am English," Hugh scribbled when, half-an-hour later, she was pencilling something on a slip of paper. "Please forgive me and just tear this note up if I'm making a nuisance of myself. But can I be of any use?"

She took the note from the waiter in evident bewilderment, turned as she read it, glanced at him, seemed to appraise him, then nodded and faintly smiled.

Five minutes later she was eating a peach and was telling him how she had arrived that morning expecting to meet some relations. She had not even booked a room at an hotel, Hugh discovered.

"Come and lunch at mine," said he. "I'm alone, too."

"It's not quite—regular, is it?" said she.

"Not a bit," he answered. "But life's like a heart. You only take any notice of it when it's irregular."

"Let's—notice it then," said she.

At lunch he found her charming but absent-minded and

nervous. Her nervousness increased that afternoon when he accompanied her in a vain search for her relations. At tea, at a table in the shade of a giant eucalypt, she suddenly said:

"It's my little sister Ann I'm trying to find. She's here with her husband."

"Ann," said Hugh, glaring in stupefaction. "Ann Neville? And her—*husband*?"

She drew back, staring at him, startled.

"Who—who are you?"

"Hugh Jervoise," he said. "I came out to find them. Are you the sister? They—got married, then?"

"No. I—lied. It's because they haven't that I've come. Ann does things on impulse. And then repents. She's always been like that. I feel she's longing for me. Directly I arrived I dashed to the Beau Séjours. Ever since—every second—I've been looking for her."

"I noticed," he said. "Lord this *is* queer. Our meeting and all that."

Later on Hugh said:

"I say, old Peter's frightfully keen on swimming. There's a new pool open, I hear. It's sure to be full up at cocktail time. We'll go there."

They went and sat at a corner table with a commanding view. At other tables against the trellised walls that were smothered in climbing roses sat groups of people. The bath was full of noisy bathers. White-coated waiters handed drinks to rainbow-clad people seated on its golden lip. But of Peter and Ann there was no sign.

Zoë had left her suit-case at the station and they hurried up through the inevitable grove of orange-trees, collected it, and returned to the Beau Séjours by car.

THAT night they went to the Casino. Peter, argued Hugh, could never exist twenty-four hours beside a gambling-hell without crashing into it. They eyed the many at the tables, the few in the little picture gallery, the couples in the winter garden; watched dancers and skaters, drove up and down the promenade, walked on the moonlit jetty, and at length drifted back to the camphor-trees in the Casino garden.

"Another night!" Zoë there most tragically exclaimed.

"Didn't Napoleon," observed Hugh, "say something about the first step being the only one that counts? It must apply to nights, too. Hello, what's up? Caught a cold?"

She was sniffling. Without warning she burst into tears.

"You *must* find them—you must!" she sobbed.

"I'm doing my best," muttered Hugh in extreme discomfort.

"Just standing here?" said she.

She was very lovely but—very incapable. You couldn't imagine Joyce, thought Hugh, depending in a bath of tears on somebody else. No. Joyce would be up and doing.

"Well, come on," he said. "We'll have a last hunt round."

"I can't. I'm utterly done," she confessed, sniffing and dabbing at her eyes. "Honestly, I can't. My head's splitting. I'll go back to the hotel and wait."

Round Mentlieu he trailed, losing hope and temper. It was very late when he reached the hotel. She was not in the lounge or drawing-room. He went upstairs. On his dressing-table lay a note.

"Please come and tell me—good news or bad," he read.

Into the corridor he tiptoed, knocked softly at her door, and said as she opened it:

"No go. Not a ghost of a trace."

"Wonder if I made a mistake," she whispered. "Could it have been Mentone? I've Ann's letter somewhere. Come in and see."

HE stepped in. It wasn't till she had softly shut the door that he noticed that her green satin garment wasn't a frock. Trousers became obvious as she hurried to the dressing-table and seized her vanity bag.

Pyjamas. Joyce's eyebrows would disappear. Poor old Joyce in her eminently sensible and serviceable "joomers."

"No, it's Mentlieu all right," said Zoë, holding out Ann's letter. "See——the third line. And now what's to be done?"

"Nothing. Till morning."

"You don't care!" she exclaimed shrilly and shakily. "Ann's nothing and nobody to you. But—*I* care. D'you think I'll have all Peter's relations looking down on her?"

"I'm afraid you will," he answered. "You see, they are yesterdayish folk—all the pack. You and I don't look upon this escapade——"

"Escapade!" she loudly echoed.

Hugh lifted one forefinger with a warning. "S-sh!"

"Sit down," said she.

"Not here," he answered. "I'm off to bed. To-morrow——"

"To-night," she said. "I mean to thresh this matter right out. No, don't go——"

She slipped past him to the door, turned the key in the lock and dragged it out.

"Don't make me melodramatic," she said. "I don't want to have to drop a cold key down my chest like they do in plays. Just sit down and listen. Mr. Jervoise, I'm pretty desperate. You're Peter's brother-in-law. You could—if you liked—smooth your wife and her people and the trustees down."

"I couldn't. I'm not that kind. No influence."

"You must. Ann's ruined. It's old-fashioned, but still true. And no man's going to get away with that. I saw your name in the Register here and directly I saw you at that café I recognised you from the snaps Peter's got. It's why I came and sat down by your table. I'd just written a note to you when yours fetched up. You—you seemed such a numskull I thought you didn't mean to do anything but stare."

"Unlock that door," said Hugh.

"When you've given in—not before."

"I'm making every possible allowance," he began.

"Ann's my sister," she cut in, "and there's nothing—however low—I'd not do to see her righted. You understand that? Well, I've—*got* you."

"I don't quite follow," said Hugh, and found she could make him aware of the origin, course and ending of his spine—like Edgar Wallace.

"Unless you swear to make things right for Ann, your wife will want to know exactly what the scene at the Hotel Beau Séjours was about."

"The scene?"

"The one I'm going to make."

"My dear girl," said Hugh, chill fingers tearing at him internally, "I'm not a boy of twenty. You can't come it over me like that, you know."

"Can't I? Why?"

As she sauntered forward she plucked at the hem of her green satin coat, showed him the key, black against her flesh, dropped it out of sight, then said:

"If I ruffle your hair and pull your tie undone—make a bit of a rough house—you'll look pretty queer when the night-porter and people come to the door."

"And what good will that do you—or your sister?" asked Hugh, his throat dry and his spine full of a trickling, freezing mixture.

"None. It's a threat. But not an empty one. I swear I'll carry it out. Somebody else in the family is going down beside Ann. D'you understand?"

"Blackmail," said Hugh, wishing the ticking organ in his stomach would cease.

"You can call it what you like," she said, and her lips began to quiver. "I'd do murder for Ann."

"Sit down," said Hugh. "Let's be reasonable. What can I possibly do?"

"I've told you," she said swiftly. "If you swear on your honour to do all you can for Ann—as though she were *your* sister—stick up for her, make them marry, make your wife receive them and the trustees consent——"

"How can I—possibly? You——"

"You won't? It's your last chance? It's no?"

He pictured the scene. He thought of Joyce. Believe him? Not she. The end, then. Well, only yesterday morning he had been longing for the end, sick of the humdrum—utterly fed.

Suddenly the ticking ceased and the fingers no longer plucked. He went to her and knew he was smiling. Deliberately he put his arms round her.

"Wer—what are you going to do?" she asked in evident terror.

"Give you something to scream about," he said. "I'm going to hold you upside down and shake that key out of you. Get on with the screaming. We'll see whose story they believe."

With a sudden jerk he swung her round sideways. Her feet whirled up, scattering her green satin mules. Simultaneously someone knocked. In dismay he held her dangling head downwards. The key fell to the carpet.

"Who—who's there?" she asked quite calmly—keeping her head, though her feet were in the air. In amazement he swung her back on her feet. As she bent for the key someone spoke from the corridor.

"Your sistaire, Miss——"

"Me, darling! Ann. Saw your dear old scrawl in the book downstairs. Let us in—me and Peter!"

Zoë darted to the door, heedless of Hugh's breathless "Hi!"

Once more his internals churned. Young Peter! Locked in, too. Joyce——

But the door was open and a most radiant young girl had flung her arms round Zoë with a cry of delight. Over the two girls' heads Peter's astounded eyes met Hugh's.

"Hugh! *You!* What the ——?"

Zoë broke free, said "Come in—quick!" under her breath to Peter, then shut the door and, leaning against it, breathlessly said:

"I trapped him. I wanted to make him help me. To force you two to marry. To make people let you take your proper place, Ann. I—I tried—it's his word, and it's the right one—to blackmail him. Only he—stood out. Ann, how *could* you do this thing?"

"Joyce sent you out?" demanded Peter, staring at Hugh.

"No," said Hugh, turning from a meditative contemplation of Ann. "She doesn't know. I—just came."

Eighteen he put Ann at, and her eyes were the frankest and her smile the most infectious he had ever seen.

"I'm damned glad I did come," he added. "Peter, you aren't a blasted swine, are you?"

Peter exchanged glances with Ann, who sat down on the edge of Zoë's bed and said, leaning back with her hands behind her and her feet see-sawing:

"You brace of beloved fogies! Peter said you'd lam him and I knew Zoë would blub her eyes out, so at the last moment we changed our plans. That's why we didn't fetch up here earlier. We got a special licence and used it. We're honest people, Peter and I—husband and wife—dyed in the wool. Peter, champagne! Let's celebrate!"

If Joyce could see him now, thought Hugh—one of four on Zoë's bed—half an hour later and laughed—and found it almost impossible to stop.

On reaching London Hugh called on Mr. Fowler, amazed the old solicitor by his forcible speech and manner, went on to the general's flat, carried him, despite protestation, to the admiral's club, and bluffed both old gentlemen into forgiving Peter by a broadside of platitudes, of which "The accomplished is always right" and "A wise man bows to the done and can't be undone," are the principal gems.

On his belated arrival home Hugh told Joyce the whole story. That bit of her mind that a woman can give a man in two minutes escaped her, but was cut short by his expression.

She was saying "You held her—upside down—in her bedroom?" when she noticed that he was smiling.

"I did," he agreed cheerfully. "Crumpled her up utterly. Something in 'treat 'em rough' I perceive. Taught me something—besides shaking the old key out of her. In "joomers" she was. And that reminds me. I've brought you a pair. The very last word. Emerald green satin. I'll sling 'em on your bed when I unpack."

Ten minutes after Hugh's shoes had gone "plop" on the dressing-room floor that night, Joyce tapped and then opened the door.

"Thought you ought to see me in your darling present, Hugh," she said, and actually flushed. "They're gorgeous. Much too pretty for me."

"Tripe!" said Hugh.

"And I wanted to say you managed things splendidly," she nervously went on. "I'm ever so grateful to you—and proud of you. I didn't know you—sort of—had it in you. The initiative, and all that."

"Dormant," said Hugh, staring at her from the edge of the bed. "Like—other things. Missed me, old thing?"

"Frightfully. Never knew I could miss anybody so."

"Well, it's been a change," he said, then added, "Come here. Sit down. On my knee, silly. And now kiss me."

At the end of that kiss he fitted her more comfortably into his arms, sighed and murmured:

"Quite a really glorious change!" G. F.

Keystone View

An unusual photograph of Badian and Ouguinsky, the famous dancers, who recently concluded a long and successful tour of India. When children, appearing in ballet at the famous Vienna Opera House, they were the special protégées of the late Emperor Franz Joseph, who took a keen interest in all the Arts

Patou cleverly plaits straw and silk ribbon together in black, yellow and white to create this medium-brimmed hat for early Spring wear. Model Jean Patou

STRAWS FORETELL SPRING MODES

By Blanche B. Elliott

ALTHOUGH Spring is not far behind, yet for us, in England at least, there is quite a lot of winter still to come. However, it is inspiring just to see the new hats, which, like the early crocuses, are the first to herald Spring; here are some lovely straws to show us which way Fashion's varying winds will blow. Eagerly the feminine section of us is waiting to see and hear about the new collections which will be showing in Paris in a short week or so when we will learn what surprises the big couturiers have in store.

THE models so charmingly illustrated here by Scaioni depict the modern hat in its three modes: the brimless, the medium, and the wide-brimmed. In fact, brims vary their widths to suit the occasion, just as the skirt length has been made to do. The small, close-fitting shape we are wont to adopt, snuggles inside the high fur coat collars of this year, of which, incidentally, we appear to have talked so much and seen so comparatively little except on only the smartest women. Why, by the way, *do* the majority of us wear such dull, sombre, ordinary up-and-down coats and ignore the interestingly new and becoming affairs that have been provided for us this season?

MANY of the small, draped hats have acquired a rouleau round them giving a halo effect, which frames the face and, with the bared brow and the thin interrogating eyebrow, gives a Botticellish look which is delightful.

THE medium brim is reserved for the sports suit or the robe tailleur, and looks like being a particular success this year. It is presented in a new cloche shape which frames and shadows the face, yet at the same time reveals it, swirling round rather like a smaller version of the old "coal-scuttle" shape. It is still worn off the brow and retains the small shallow crown. It will relieve the look of unutterable tiredness that seems to creep over the unmade-up face of the older woman who essays the small, rakish béret. She always seems to wear the expression that she *knows* she is showing her wrinkles, and *fears* she is not looking her best, yet does not dare indulge in the rejuvenating "facial" touch of

A mid-season hat of soft, fine black straw and pink felt, trimmed with a tiny cluster of prim, pink felt roses. Model Jane Blanchot

touch of lipstick, because either her conscience or her husband won't let her. For her, therefore (not to mention her fellow-creatures), the medium brim is nothing short of a godsend.

THE wide brim is also shown for the sunny, festive or formal occasion. Few modern women can ever find the time or the space to wear the really large hat, yet the modistes and couturiers continue to insist that she shall. To the French mind the "chapeau habillé" calls for a wider brim to accompany the afternoon and dressy frock, while it is really only a necessity for those basking in hot Eastern sunshine. It, also, is worn off the brow, and the small crown enables it to be tipped back and sweep with curving line in the picturesque manner depicted in the Molyneux model. When found too cumbersome, brims are turned right back off the face and show their greatest widths at the sides.

THE new straws are worked into soft and pliable textures to look like fabric, and show great originality. One was knitted with a wide, open mesh stitch perforated with holes, so pliable that it crushes up in the hand. There are blends of straw and cotton and straw plaited with silk ribbon or strips of felt as illustrated in Patou's and Molyneux's stunning models. As a contrast, large coarse and shiny straws are also shown, and straw pleats and plaits are quite the newest hat features.

For her place in the sun this large straw hat is created by Molyneux in red and white, with a red ribbon trimming and a border of red felt. Model Molyneux

WHILE our suits and formal long coats are always matters of deep deliberation, we can fall at any moment for a hat or an evening frock, as there always seems a crying need for both. No regret seems so keen as that which we feel over the temptation we resisted when we did *not* buy exactly the model of either we wanted. There are clearly moments to succumb to temptation, because a successful hat or frock (and we generally know them at sight) does so much more service, and gives so much more pleasure, that those we feel legitimately and cold-bloodedly entitled to buy. Of course, the modern hat is now made and fitted to the individual head just as carefully as the frock, for we have learnt what can be done to a face by the skilful manipulation, or a tiny variation, of the most seductive model by a pinch here and an added width there.

THE brief period of mid-season calls for a hat which feels right to wear when the sunshine has gained a fresh brightness and makes our winter raiment appear a little dismal and it is still too cold for the real spring hat. Hats, too, are one's first choice as a gesture towards a changing season, and no woman who values her reputation as a good dresser should ever be guilty of making the fatal though somewhat common mistake of wearing a last season's model too long.

PYJAMAS are still growing in popularity. They have acquired so many distinctive uses and variations that one has to refer to them as "dinner pyjamas" or "hostess pyjamas," rather in the manner of Louiseboulanger's famous "robe de studio" models. Then there are "beach pyjamas" in flaunting colours, each to be distinguished from the hitherto accepted—well, just pyjamas. So often they are made with little panel coats which fall over the hips and the full wide legs, that only in movement do they show any division at all. More popular in the States and Paris than here, they are yet a very definite and established mode. B. B. E.

VANCOUVER TO-DAY and Thirty Years Ago

A view of Vancouver, in British Columbia, taken thirty years ago. The buildings of two or three stories, the waste spaces and rough road form a marked contrast to the same view as it appears to-day, as will be seen from the lower photograph

The Vancouver of to-day. A photograph taken from almost the identical position as that seen above. The high business buildings, orderly streets and general air of prosperity show what a wonderful change has been effected in thirty years. Inset is seen the Hon. Frederick Parker Burden, the new Agent-General for British Columbia in London, who is due over here at the end of this month. An engineer and surveyor by profession, he was formerly Minister of Lands in the British Columbia Government

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MARTYRS AND MOTORS — By Ralph Straus

ABOUT a year ago I received an invitation to take tea with a Mrs. Greene. It was followed by other invitations to do the same thing from other Mrs. Greenes. Who these ladies might be I had not a notion until a more careful examination of their cards of invitation showed me that somebody had invented a novel form of advertisement; and when, shortly afterwards, Mrs. Rea's novel, *Six Mrs. Greenes*, was published, the little mystery was fully cleared up. The advertisement was good, and so was the novel, and its successor, *Rachel Moon* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is even better.

IF this young Miss Moon had lived in mid-Victorian days she would have been dubbed a saint. There, they would have told you, is the perfect example of what a young gentlewoman ought to be; always thinking of others, never allowing even the most innocent pleasures to interfere with her duty; a loving daughter and—and all the rest of it. And the dear lady-novelist who was telling her story would have written the most sugary romance which would have sold in its thousands and been particularly popular with schoolmistresses on the look-out for suitable school prizes. To-day Mrs. Moon tells her story, and we are shown another side of the picture altogether.

RACHEL has a father who is a wealthy K.C. She has one married sister who is older than she and one younger sister who is still at school; and she is herself at school when she is summoned home to take her mother's place. The poor mother has been struck down by one of those cruel strokes which leaves behind it nothing but a helpless and mindless body. She may live for years, just lying there on her bed, but to all intents and purposes she is dead. Everything, of course, will be done for her that can be done; there will be night and day nurses, but—there is no use in sentimentalising about her; the world must go on as if she were no longer there.

TO Rachel, however, her mother's stroke comes in the nature of a revelation. Henceforth her duty is plain. Her father has asked her to play housekeeper, but that is not enough; she must devote herself wholly to her mother. And so, as they say, she works herself to the bone, and—tastes the joys of martyrdom. They force her to take a holiday. She does, and falls in love with a man who would make her a very good husband. But—marry him while her mother is still alive? How can she? They try to persuade her to look at life through ordinary spectacles, but that is what your true martyr never can do. And when the exasperated man marries Rachel's sister instead of her, pain is mingled with something very like pleasure.

IN other words, her martyrdom has come near to being a vice, and when her mother does die there is apparently nothing left for her to do, until, very luckily for her, a young nephew of hers falls ill and needs looking after. A curious creature, not altogether likeable, and yet Mrs. Rea does make you see her own side. You want to give her a good talking to, you want to tell her that this negation of life is all wrong, but—you have a sneaking sympathy for her outlook, warped though you know it to be. And it is just this quality in the book that gives it its chief value. You know that there must be dozens of Rachels about, but how often have you come near to understanding them? Seldom enough. The martyr's day is definitely over.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

Whose amusing book of reminiscences, "The Inky Way," is published by Chapman and Hall at 18*s. It is reviewed in these pages*

YOU will find another curious creature in Joanna Cannan's new novel *High Table* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Theodore Fletcher is not a martyr so much as a misser. He misses more than half the things that make life worth living. The good old inferiority complex, of course. He is awkward and ugly and shy as a youth, and women frighten him to death. But he has brains, and Oxford is obviously the place for him. They make him a Fellow and ultimately the Warden, and he is not, I suppose, altogether unhappy. Yet even Theodore has had his one touch of passion; and when young Lennie arrives in Oxford during the War, a cadet who is soon to become an officer, he understands the joys of fatherhood—or thinks he does. Pathetically he plays up to the part, only to learn after Lennie's death that he has been fooled.

I HAVE heard Miss Cannan's work praised very highly indeed. For myself, I find her style considerably less attractive than it might be, and her grammar faulty; but there is no question whatever that she can produce a vivid enough picture. This crabbed old don is as much alive as anybody could make him, and his queer relations with the family into which his supposed son has married are described extraordinarily well. The story itself is thin, but the novel is well worth reading.

THE present generation may have forgotten the big success that an amusing book called *The Lightning Conductor* enjoyed years and years ago. It was the first of the "motoring" novels, and was the work of C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Since that day the Williamsons, in collaboration first, and afterwards Mrs. Williamson by herself, have produced many works, of no great literary value, perhaps, but all very pleasantly entertaining. And now in an amusing volume of reminiscences called *The Inky Way* (Chapman and Hall: 18*s.*) Mrs. Williamson tells her own story with just the right kind of gusto.

THERE are some piquant revelations. I well remember the excitement created in 1912 when an anonymous book called *He Who Passed* appeared. All kinds of people were supposed to be the author, but the best critics inclined to the belief that a non-literary woman had written the book as a means of obtaining relief after a tragic love-affair. But now we learn that Mrs. Williamson wrote it to prove to a friend that she could do other work besides serials for Northcliffe. And later on, during the war, you may remember another book which created a minor sensation. *What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince* was widely accepted as a document of the highest authenticity, but

(Continued on page 184)

THE WORLD'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM:

Paris from the steps of the Madeleine looking towards the Place de la Concorde. Paris congestion, though enormous, is well regulated by the gendarmerie, and its pace is faster than in London, though the passion for "sens unique" (one way) is being overworked as in other cities

New York: A view of the control at Park Avenue and 57th Street where, according to the traffic "cops'" survey, more autos pass in twelve hours than at any other crossing. The average is ten cars a second

Planet News

Madrid, Spain's capital, has also to cope with the ever-increasing congestion. Above is a scene in the Calle de Alcala where trams add to the difficulty and prevent elasticity

London: An all-day block on one of London's antiquated "bottle-neck" the congestion on an important main route is caused largely by the trams—

HUGE CONGESTION IN GREAT CITIES

L.N.A.

London : A hopeless but commonplace jam in the City caused through narrow thoroughfares unable to cope with motor traffic. The jam of motor buses indicates that before long they will have to be bigger and fewer, as they monopolise more than their fair share of room. In the Strand the other day the "Evening Standard" counted 582 private cars in an hour and 1,020 buses

"Evening Standard"

pproaches to the iron bridge at Canning Town. Here hose doom is now sealed—and by horse-drawn traffic

London : Upper Regent Street. The traffic in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, the Strand, Trafalgar Square and other places is in a perpetual state of congestion. Horse-drawn traffic should be forbidden these main thoroughfares, and the traffic police should not hold up passing traffic so long in one direction.

PARIS GOSSIP

Sport and General

CANNES RELAXATION

Bathing classes undergoing physical drill on the beach at Cannes. Large crowds turn out to watch the classes going through their evolutions in the winter sunshine

Sport and General

AT CANNES

The youngest gymnast "does his stuff" on the beach!

PARISIANS OF THE PAST and PRESENT — By Sylvia Lyon

ILLUSTRATED BY A. GALLAND

A POWDERY flurry of snow wafted in this, the season of "Expositions de Blanc," or White Sales, a term in need of alteration, for this year little white is shown. Table-linen is coloured, bed-linen is coloured, lingerie is coloured, except the white under-things cut en forme to be worn under white evening gowns; and the male readers of THE BYSTANDER need not think that I am going into any further detail.

THE sprinkling of snow was naturally accompanied by a bit of ice, so hostesses requiring a little extra chill for the cocktails had but to send a guest in need of manly exercise down to the fountains of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, or the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées to chop off ice shavings from the surface of the desolate pools. The Rond-Point, I imagine, received heavier patronage than the other decorative ice reserves, the riverside boundaries of the Tuileries and Concorde quartiers being one limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, which has never heard of cocktails, and farther up this left bank of the Seine, which has nothing to do with the Left Bank (Gott sei danke), is another section, also vieux jeu, the Quai d'Orsay.

HERE is the French equivalent to Whitehall, although the Ministries are not so centralised, the Government being anxious to make use of palaces formerly belonging to mistresses of the French Kings, who must have, as the old story goes, used bicycles. . . . But as I was saying, a cocktail or two in the Ministerial quarter might have stood in good stead these days, no record as yet having been made of what Briand offered as liquid hospitality to Mr. Arthur Henderson when the latter called at the Quai d'Orsay for a little chat before leaving for Geneva.

MID-JANUARY was excessively lugubrious, "boxes" on the Bourse going for figuratively the same prices as bottles of champagne sold at "Casanova" to highly paid Soviet emissaries, who are also buying all the new apartments just completed in the section stretching from the upper Quai d'Orsay back to the upper Rue de l'Université,

Two famous Paris characters who died recently: H. Gautheir-Villars, otherwise Willy (left), who collaborated with Colette when she was his wife and after their separation claimed to have written "Claudine," and Boldini, the famous portrait painter

and the new blocks bordering the Bois de Boulogne, on the site of the old fortifications. In the first-named quarter a smart little street has been cut through, bristling with new apartments. This street is called the Rue Cognacq-Jay, and nothing could be less appropriate, for it was Cognacq-Jay, the owner of the Samaritaine stores, whose philanthropic foundation yearly gives substantial cash prizes to the fathers of large families. And children, I hear, are not admitted to these new apartments.

"Children, I hear, are not admitted to these new apartments"

THESE leaden, sombre days saw the passing of one prominent figure in Parisian life after another. First there was Claude Anet, who died at sixty-seven, while scarcely looking fifty. He was born Jean Schopfer, a descendant of French Protestant emigrés, who had settled in Switzerland. But legally borrowing the name "Claude Anet" from a character is Rousseau's "Confessions," he came to Paris, became a French citizen, studied with Ernest Renan at the Collège de France, took up journalism, and was French tennis champion in 1892. One of his first books, "Perse En Automobile," was the result of a voyage to Persia in 1906 with the Prince and Princesse Georges Bibesco, when the newly married young couple had been sent on a Roumanian diplomatic mission to Persia, and Anet, then working for *Le Temps*, accompanied them as official historian for the mission. He became an ardent collector of Persian art, but his book on the treasures of the country, "Feuilles Persanes," did not appear until 1924.

During the War Anet fought on the Eastern front, but the class of 1915 demobilised, he returned to Paris, and then was sent to Russia as correspondent for *Gil Blas* and *Le Petit Parisien*. He returned with material for "Ariane, Jeune Fille Russe," and barely his life. For Anet had been in at the birth of the Revolution of 1917, and for a joke had cards printed: "Claude Anet, correspondent de guerre civile."

FOR this he was imprisoned, but escaped and found his way back to France via the Arctic Ocean. Of recent years, while keeping up his tennis, he had been playing golf at St. Cloud. His only daughter, Claude, who is his living image, continues to progress on the courts, and during tournament days at the Stade Roland Garros her father was always on the side lines. He spent a good deal of time in America, and was a frequent contributor to *Vanity Fair*.

Gabrielle Chanel, the famous couturière, on the terrace of her lovely villa at Roquebrune, where she has been entertaining. With her is one of her favourite dogs, Gigot

NEXT to pass away was the portrait painter, Boldini, of Italian birth, but long a resident of Paris. With Helleu and Sem, Boldini used to sit every morning in the Avenue de Bois watching the beauties and characters of the day go by. Of this trio of artists, only Sem is left. Boldini's portrait of Comte Robert de Montesquiou hangs in the Jeu de Paume gallery.

THE day following Boldini's death, Willy died. The present generation knew little of Willy, whose real name was H. Gautheir-Villars, the bitter wit who wore strange flat-brimmed top hats slung down over his head, allowing merely the tip of his nose and wide grinning mouth to appear. He married Colette, many years his junior, and the "Claudine" series began in collaboration. But, as soon as the first volume appeared, they separated. Willy claimed to have written "Claudine" in entirety, a fact soon disproved, as Colette sprang into undisputed fame with the succeeding "Claudine" stories written by her pen alone. With her "La Vagabone" and "Chèri" Willy faded out of the Parisian scene and became a moral exile, people resenting his attitude toward Colette, who later married Henri de Jouvenel, by whom she had a daughter.

EVEN the theatrical clouds have silver linings, the lack of sufficiently proper or improper vehicles for stars leaving them with time on their hands, so that one's curiosity to know what French actresses look like off the stage can now not only be satisfied but surfeited. The other day at the Ritz I saw Gabrielle Dorziat, who was the one distinguished-looking actress in Paris and the most chic. She still is both, but is no longer on the stage. At Antoine, the coiffeur, I saw Madame Sylvie, the erstwhile star of *La Prisonnière*, imprisoned under the trappings of a water-wave, while near-by was Jane Marnac. If I mentioned the number of places where I have seen Beatrice Lillie she will think I am a detective, but almost any morning between two and five she is to be seen at Brick-Top's, in the Rue Pigalle, is the 1931 version of Florence's, that is to say, the place is small, the music grand and the clientèle mostly composed of young Anglo-Saxons, who in the cheeriest of moods start throwing handkerchiefs at each other, to be followed by plates, and only stopped from throwing chairs and tables. S. L.

"Madame Sylvie, the erstwhile star of 'La Prisonnière,' imprisoned under the trappings of a water-wave"

FLYING NOTES

SCHNEIDER TROPHY MUST BE WON BY BRITAIN

By Capt. C. E. Ward

To Be or Not to Be?

CONCERNING the Government's decision not to assist the Royal Aero Club in its defence of the Schneider Trophy, I can add very little to my notes in these columns on the 17th December last. The official attitude is deplorable, and has been dictated, without a doubt, by Mr. Snowden, than whom there seems to be no greater opponent of anything that would give British export trade a further stimulus. A man who can contemplate a subsidy to Grand Opera when the country needs work and the money to pay wages, is a menace and ought to be suppressed. The Prime Minister has forgotten his promise, made in public at a speech on the S.S. Orford after the last race, that the Trophy would be defended. But what can one expect—a politician's word is merely a bubble which can be pricked, leaving no trace, whenever the situation is awkward. One can only commend to the attention of all good men that the Royal Aero Club is exploring every possibility whereby we may put up a show in order not to make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the other competitors—France and Italy. We have an obligation to stage the event, which it is impossible to evade without incurring unpleasant comment on our sportsmanship.

Mr. Roy Tuckett and an official of the Port Elizabeth Light 'Plane Club seen in front of Mr. Ernest Ashley's Gipsy Moth on which Mr. Tuckett flew solo from London to Cape Town whilst making a film

The Pros and Cons

THE arguments for and against competing for the Trophy are innumerable, but, to be brief, those in favour are as follows: First of all we have a moral obligation to organise the race, and it would be, therefore, the height of folly to make a present of the Trophy to a foreigner through sheer lack of enterprise. Secondly, we have every chance of winning for the third time in succession, and, consequently, of retaining the prize for evermore, thereby ending what has been termed wasteful competition. It must be obvious to all those who can think that our prestige amongst flying nations needs constant support. As an indirect result of winning the race in 1929, orders were obtained from abroad for British aircraft, engines, and equipment, running into millions sterling. There is no doubt that Signor Mussolini conceived the idea of an Italian formation flight to South America, which has been brilliantly performed, as counter propaganda to the British Empire Exhibition at Buenos Aires. Orders are seldom booked en masse at exhibitions. It takes time for the general quality of such displays to make a definite impression, and a victory in the race over the Solent would occur at the psychological moment for us, inasmuch as the potential market for aircraft in South America is enormous, and we cannot expect to collect the cream of the business unless our performance is advertised to the world.

Official Excuses

LACK of money is the principal objection advanced, though it should be remembered that one must invest money in order to make a profit, and support for the race would appear to the layman as being much more worthy than those for many other causes backed by the present Government. The technical people say that nothing further is to be gained for some years by experiments to increase speed. Let us concede this point, but here is an opportunity to maintain our present supremacy for years to come. The race has outgrown its original object as conceived by M. Jaques Schneider, and it would be an excellent thing for us if the competition could be killed for ever. Should we fail to enter, either France or Italy has the chance to perpetuate the question as to who can design and fly the fastest machine, irrespective of whether this machine is a freak or not. The Air Minister, being in a position of "Cinderella" in the Cabinet, needs the whole weight of public opinion to combat the Treasury on this important and far-reaching subject before it is too late.

A corner of the Household Brigade club-room at Heston, one of the most flourishing of flying clubs

Amateur v. Professional

MORE than 100 machines were entered for the King's Cup Race last year, and serious difficulties occurred at some of the controls, so much so that the Royal Aero Club has been compelled to alter the condition in order to limit the number of competitors. This alteration has taken the form of making the race purely an amateur event, a decision which has been approved by the King. Many alternatives were suggested, but it seems to be in the best interests of the sport that professional pilots, with or without a subsidy from manufacturers, should be excluded, especially if this has the effect of reviving the "Aerial Derby" as a commercial race. Officers of the Royal Air Force are to be considered as amateurs, and the quality of machines and private pilots is to be safeguarded somewhat by making the lower limit of the handicap 100 miles an hour.

THE MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY

A view of the cars arriving at their destination at the end of the Monte Carlo Rally last week. British drivers scored some notable successes, Mr. V. E. Leverett, driving a Riley from Stavanger, being first in the first section, and Mr. Healey in an Invicta being first in the second section. British drivers also filled the fourth, sixth and eighth places in the first section, and Lord de Clifford, driving a Lagonda, was placed fourth in the second section.

Several competitors started from Stavanger, and they must have been surprised to find that their "bright idea" was shared by many. Here are Lady Jardine and Mr. Kennedy McConnell, who drove a Lancia from Stavanger, finishing fourteenth

Photographs *P. and A.*

Capt. and Mrs. J. H. B. Samuelson photographed on their arrival at Monte Carlo after competing in the Monte Carlo Rally. Driving an M.G., they finished eighth in the first section. Mr. V. E. Leverett, who arrived first in the same section, averaged about twenty-two miles an hour on the long and arduous run from Norway to the Riviera

SHOOTING NOTES

PURCHASE YOUR GUN-DOG NOW

By "Clodhopper"

THE shooting season being now practically at an end for all but wildfowlers, this is a very good time to pick up a gun-dog. There are many shooting men who, although owning really good setters, pointers, retrievers or spaniels, as the case may be, are either giving up shooting or have no accommodation for kennelling dogs through the comparatively long period of the close season.

GENERALLY speaking, there is not much difficulty in selling gun-dogs which have proved themselves good workers in the field. But this is not invariably the case. For example, a few days ago I was offered for the very low sum of four guineas as good-looking, steady, and well-broken retrieving English springer bitch as one would wish to shoot over. The spaniel in question is owned by a Nottingham professional man who can no longer afford to keep up the small but well-stocked Lincolnshire shoot which he has leased for the past eleven seasons. I may mention having, upon a number of occasions, seen gun-dogs of well-proved working qualities, and from notable shooting kennels, "knocked down" for the proverbial song, at London and provincial auction marts. This is a hint worth remembering by any Bystander who may be casting round for a dog. A postcard to Messrs. Freeman, Aldridges, Ltd., St. Martin's Lane, W.C., will procure a catalogue of future gun-dog auctions. Such, however, are usually held a few weeks before the opening of the game shooting season.

TO anyone who loves a good retriever, or spaniel, and regards him as a friend and companion of great worth, it is difficult to understand how any sportsman can cast off, like an old glove, a true and faithful canine pal and servant, even though he may lack kennelling accommodation. It is a very easy matter to find experienced and reputable gamekeepers who are only too glad to kennel and keep in trim an outside gun-dog or two during the non-shooting months at quite a moderate charge.

BUYING a new dog from a stranger near the commencement of the season is very like purchasing a new horse sans a trial or warranty—a bit of a lottery in fact. We will assume, however, that the intending purchaser has decided upon the breed of gun-dog most suitable for his particular kind of shooting. Also that he knows what is required from a steady and a thoroughly well-broken dog in the field. In my experience the majority of people who advertise gun-dogs for sale, though often enough mere tyros, honestly believe that the working qualities of their animals are quite up to the description set forth in such advertisements. On the other hand there is a certain class of "coper" who is ever on the qui vive for credulous and unsophisticated speculators in dog-flesh. These black sheep of the canine world think nothing of advertising an absolutely worthless "cur-dog," in the principal sporting weeklies even, something as follows: "Well trained, thoroughly reliable two seasons English springer dog (the "fraternity" is very hot on English springers) for sale, owner giving up shooting. The dog is a handsome and typical specimen of the breed, sound, straight, perfectly healthy and free from all defects. He is easy to work and handle, has a splendid nose, is under perfect control, tender retriever of fur and feather from land and water, drops to hand and command. A keen, active, and close worker in heavy cover, and works to whistle and hand signals in the open. Steady to shot, good on runners," and so forth. Briefly, the most perfect gun-dog ever whelped. And yet this canine paragon is to be sacrificed to the first *quick* buyer at the "cut throat" price of ten guineas, or nearest offer. Such advertisements as this should usually be severely avoided.

Sport and General

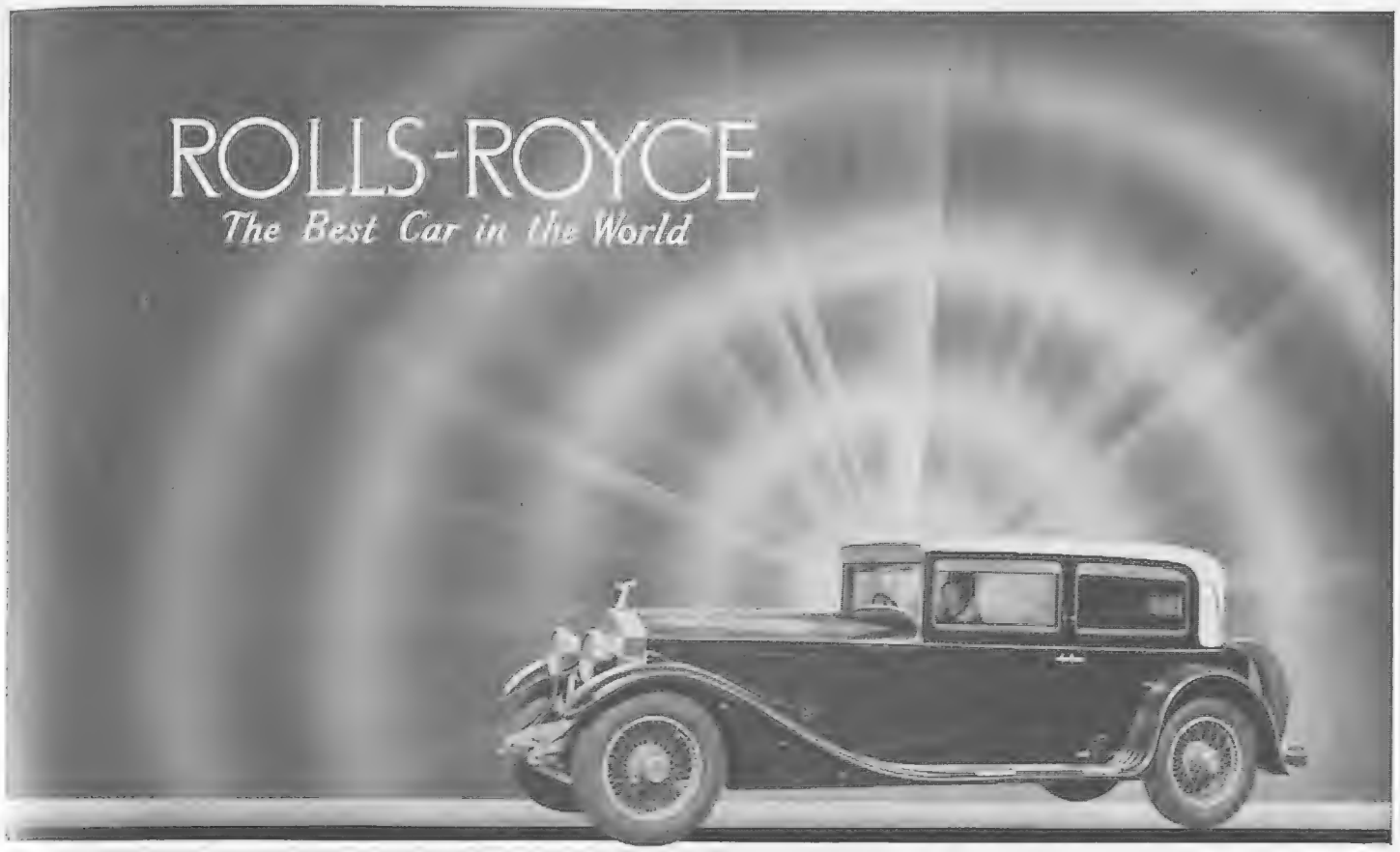
WELL OVER
Mr. G. Hallett's
Penwood Jock retrieving
a pheasant during the Lab-
radorRetriever Club's 22nd Field
Trials. They were held at
Idsworth, Horndean

NOR can I too strongly impress upon prospective purchasers of gun-dogs the advisability of not paying so much as one shilling to any stranger who objects to send a dog on approval and for at least a week's trial in the field. It is only natural, however, that a vendor requires a deposit to be sent either to himself or lodged with the newspaper in which the animal was advertised for sale. More than one of the London and Scottish sporting and doggy journals run a deposit system for the convenience and protection of their subscribers. On the receipt of a mutually agreed deposit both parties concerned in the dog deal are notified by the newspaper. But the purchase money is not handed over to the vendor until the dog has been tried and approved. This is a very safe and satisfactory method of either buying or selling a gun-dog, though I have never experienced any trouble in sending a post-dated cheque as deposit for a dog on approval, although in several cases I had to return animals as being unsatisfactory. It is customary when arranging for a dog to be sent you on approval to pay carriage each way if you return him as being unsatisfactory. In the event of a gun-dog being not up to mark while on trial do not omit to return him well within the stipulated time, otherwise you may have trouble with the owner. But before sending him back as "a useless brute," remember that your voice, scent, appearance and methods of handling are totally different from those of his owner. His new surroundings are also strange and confusing to him. Give the poor chap a fair chance and he may, perhaps, turn out to be a "real good 'un."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

NEXT SEASON'S PROGRAMME.

THE closing days of a shooting season do not offer much in the way of sport. Surplus cock pheasants can be sought in distant places, but any temptation that partridges may offer now that they spring up in pairs from their chosen breeding location must be sternly repressed. Rabbits, snipe and other oddments will entertain the keen walker, yet the real business of the moment is to take stock of the situation and frame next season's policy, not putting it to bed with the gun, but vitalising it into action. Just as the shooting year ends on February 1, so the new one begins on the following day. Those who are only destroyers have nothing to do for many months to come: others, the builders up, have a long programme of construction before them, every week well filled with a duty better done that week than any other. As men grow on in years they find actually more joy in the constructive side of shooting than in the harvest period, which to them is but the measure of their success and the inspirer of new effort for the future. The care of a productive shoot brings a man nearer Nature than any other pursuit. Perhaps the fisherman sees more, but the man who goes one better than merely to keep an eye on his shoot directs forces that call for a fine display of manœuvring power.



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Interior view of a Barker Sedanca de Ville showing the two extra seats folded away

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

A BARKER SEDANCA DE VILLE

UPHOLSTERED in fawn cloth, with fittings in silver-plate and ivory and cabinet work in polished burr walnut—luxurious in every detail. The division over the driver slides into the roof to give additional vision and light to the passengers.

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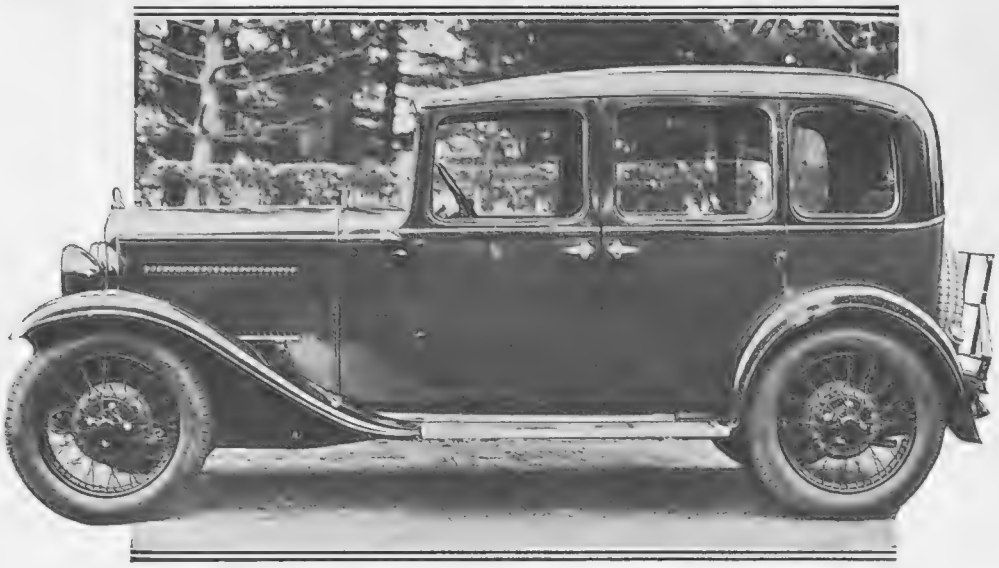
MOTOR NOTES



A new Austin model: The Twelve-Six Saloon, which sells at the very moderate price of £198

GEMS OF INGENUITY

By E. M. Wright

IF enthusiastic ingenuity and unquenchable optimism had any market value inventors would be rich indeed. Not a week passes without its crop of new devices designed to attract "simple" motorists. One or two at most are worth serious consideration. The majority can be dismissed without further thought.

***

THE winter months, with their attendant risks of skidding and of burst cylinder jackets during a frosty spell, are the inventor's harvest time. No sooner had we experienced a week of frosty weather than I read of an invention which will save the forgetful or lazy owner-driver the necessity of draining his radiator when his car is garaged for the night by blowing a hole in the cooling system! At the bottom of the radiator there is a plug with a valve operated by a piston, which in its turn is driven upwards when a small charge of explosive is fired by electricity. All that one has to do before leaving the car for the night is to connect a special thermometer with this ingenious infernal machine. Jack Frost does the rest.

***

As soon as the mercury falls low enough it completes an electric circuit. A spark flashes, and, bang! up goes the piston. The valve is released, and next morning you find a frozen pool of dirty water on the garage floor. During the course of the "bombardment" another electric circuit is completed, working a sign which will warn the owner-driver in the morning that the radiator is empty. All that is now required is a third electric circuit which, as soon as the garage doors are opened, will light a geyser and start filling the radiator again with boiling water.

Considerable interest being displayed in a "Silver Eagle" Sports Model Alvis. It is one of a batch of Alvis cars supplied to the police for the use of the new mobile force

ONE of the most amusing curiosities I have come across was a device for dropping grit in front of the rear wheels whenever the car was about to skid. A brilliant idea! I hailed it with delight. For days I pored over its intricacies—but only, I fear, to enjoy the richness of its absurdity. Every skid I have ever been in has happened in the twinkling of an eye. But for this wonderful anti-skid device to be effective the whole sequence of operations would have to be performed in slow motion. You would have to have due notice that a skid was about to take place. You would then need time to operate the lever to release the sand. And you would need still more time to allow the sand to run out and spread itself on the road. Time may stand still in dreamland; but in this workaday world the car would be well on to a pavement, into a ditch, or over an embankment before a single grain of sand had come out of the box.

***

IF you drive with reasonable care, observing a few well-defined rules, you can, generally speaking, avoid skidding altogether; whilst if you *do* skid, coolness plus a reasonable degree of skill will bring you through safely without the help of sand-boxes. After all, a London bus driver learns to control, without the "assistance" of any special device whatever, a heavy and unwieldy vehicle on a surface a hundred times more slippery than the greasiest road he is likely to encounter in actual practice. A skid, in short, is not in most cases an "Act of God," but the direct result of bad driving, and the only really effective way of dealing with it is to learn to drive efficiently!

***

IF you must fit an anti-skid device, why not have an attachment on your shoes to prevent your slipping on a piece of banana peel? Why not have a bib on an elastic band which you could slip into place whenever you had a premonition you were going to spill at meals The answer surely is that you ought not to need a device to protect yourself from a disaster which ordinary care will prevent.

IN THE NEWS

Campbell's Car

The reconstructed "Bluebird" which Captain Malcolm Campbell has taken to Daytona in order to defend the world's record of 231 m.p.h. set up by Segrave two years ago, now has a Napier racing aero engine as its power unit. This monster was developed from the well-known Napier "Lion," which has three banks of four cylinders, and in its hotted up form develops 1,450 h.p. and weighs but 78 lb. per brake horsepower. The car contains a host of special fitments. Among the instruments, all of which have been supplied by Smith's, is a duplicate engine revolution counter fixed to the bonnet on a level with the

(Continued on page 184)

The Vogue this Winter is "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light

" Dine by Nell Gwynn Candle-light," says fashion

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are most acceptable Gifts.

As gifts "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight. There is a special new Gift Box containing four 14in. Candles with four flat Candlesticks to match. This lovely Box, costing only 5/-, makes an ideal prize for Bridge Parties and Competitions.

For further information please write for a delightful free booklet, with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of Other Days," to J.C.& J.Field Ltd., Dept. "A," London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the Reign of Charles I

This winter hostesses everywhere are lighting their Dining Tables with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. Slender, many coloured, these candles are in themselves lovely things. A room gains an atmosphere of romance when lit by "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light.

Candle-light is alive; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver; it is kind to skin, eyes and hair and reveals all the beauty that a harsher illumination will destroy. Wit and conversation flourish in this sympathetic light.

No matter what the style of the room, it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. For burning on the dining table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn Antique" Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed, not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

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The slim, elegant shapes of "Nell Gwynn" Candles make them an essential ornament for every room. Displayed on the mantelpiece, on the side-board and the table, they give the final touch to the general decorative scheme. There is not space to describe all the lovely types, but there are as many as 36 different colours, and 10 different varieties

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THE Singer SUPER "6"

YOUR dream coach at a price you can afford. No thousand-pound car carries such luxurious equipment, which includes one-shot lubrication, Dewandre vacuum servo brakes, Marles steering, four-speed gearbox, rear safety tank, and coachwork with the most dashing lines and finish.

It is a fast car, too, over 70 m.p.h., yet the frailest woman can handle it with ease. This is the 16 h.p. six-cylinder car over which the technical critics went into ecstasies. Drive one from your local dealers, or send for lavishly illustrated coloured catalogue.

£340

Other Models from £130

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 175)

Mrs. Williamson admits that she was the supposed governess who had written it. A light-hearted book, with stories about King Edward, who liked poached eggs with his tea, and Northcliffe, who could appreciate the right kind of "cheek," and Kitchener and dozens of other celebrities. And the photographs of the early motor cars and their human contents must be seen to be believed in this age of mass motor production and easy driving.

FINALLY, if you have an interest in wild animals (and even if you haven't) you will enjoy the excitements of *Bring 'Em Back Alive* (Gollancz: 16*s.*) by Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. Mr. Buck has spent the best part of his life getting hold of animals for zoos. It is not the kind of profession that I should like to adopt myself, but it is certainly not lacking in thrills. Some of these beasts become fairly friendly, but—others do not, and even a really nice fellow like the tapir, who ordinarily wouldn't hurt a fly, can take it into its oddly shaped head to behave like the angriest tiger.

LUCKILY for himself (to say nothing of his readers) Mr. Buck has a sense of humour, and this gives to his adventures an additional interest. It is one of the jolliest books of its kind that I have ever read. R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

After spending more than five years in Italy, Miss G. B. Stern has now returned to London, where, we hear, she is becoming very interested in the theatre. Hutchinson are publishing a three-and-sixpenny edition of her first novel, *See-Saw*.

MISS JOANNA CANNAN

The author of "High Table" (Benn 7s. 6d.). It is among the books reviewed on page 175

The Duchess of Atholl's forthcoming book, *Women and Politics*, which Philip Allan will publish in the early spring, sets forth for the benefit of the woman voter, something of the political problems of the country. A brief outline of the structure of our Government is given, and emphasis is laid on the importance of a study of political questions based on first-hand information.

Mr. Beverley Nichols's admirers will welcome his new work, *Women and Children Last*, to be published in the spring by Jonathan Cape, who tells us that women, rather than any individual woman, form the butt of his wit. They are also publishing an omnibus volume, containing *Twenty-Five, Are They the Same at Home*, and *The Star Spangled Banner*, at 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lane's are publishing *The Shorn Lamb*, a new full-length novel by William J. Locke, and the publishers inform us that in this his last novel, completed not long before his death, Mr. Locke returns to the mood and spirit of *The Beloved Vagabond*. It is the story of the impersonation of a twin brother, and the hero, The Shorn Lamb, only escapes from the icy blasts of destitution to fall into the hopeless entanglements of mistaken identity, in which he finds himself bound to one woman while desperately in love with another. To be published on February 6.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 182)

driver's eyes, so that it can be used as a "sight" for keeping the car straight at speed. The K.L.G. people are responsible for the sparking plugs, and have also made the three-speed gear box, which has ratios of 1.58, 2.27 and 4.01 to 1. In addition to providing the linings of the clutch and brakes, Ferodo, Ltd., had much to do with the actual designing of the clutch. A specially designed Triplex safety glass windscreen is fitted, and the special disc wheels and tyres have been supplied by Dunlop's. On this, as on his previous record-breaking runs, Captain Malcolm Campbell is using Wakefield's "Castrol" oil.

The wheelbase of this twelve-cylinder racer, which weighs about 3½ tons, is just over 12ft. 2in., the front and rear tracks being 5ft. 4in. and 5ft. 2in. respectively. The height of the scuttle is only 45in., and the ground clearance is no more than five inches. To enable the driver to sit as low as possible the rear axle has been offset 7in. so that the driver's seat is only 10in. from the ground. At rest the car tilts slightly to the off-side. This has been done to counteract the effect of engine torque, and as the car gathers speed it gradually straightens on to an even keel.

Accompanying Captain Malcolm Campbell is Mr. H. Leech, one of the survivors of the R101 disaster. The attempt on the record is to be made at Daytona early in February, and in order to be thoroughly fit for the ordeal Captain Campbell has eschewed alcohol for the last six months and has reduced his smoking. The car was on view recently at Rootes, Ltd., Piccadilly, together with the actual Humber cars to be used by the Prince of Wales and Prince George during their visit to Argentina in connection with the British Empire Trade Exhibition which opens in Buenos Aires on March 14.

Pressed Steel

"The Story of Pressed Steel" is the title of a new brochure to reach me from the Pressed Steel Company, of Oxford, who are already supplying bodywork of this kind to the Morris, Austin, Wolseley, Hillman, Rover, and M.G. concerns. Their works at Oxford cover some 500,000 square feet and employ from 1,500 to 2,000 men. Nearly 30,000 tons of sheet steel are used annually and 75,000 press operations take place daily. The machinery for this work is extremely costly and the value of that installed at Oxford is over £500,000. Copies of "The Story of Pressed Steel" are available free and post free from the company at Oxford to anyone who writes in mentioning THE BYSTANDER. E. M. W.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

The new light six-cylinder "Morris Major" has been introduced with great success in overseas markets. One of these cars, a folding-head Saloon model, is seen by the famous Rhodes Memorial, 1,500 feet above Table Bay

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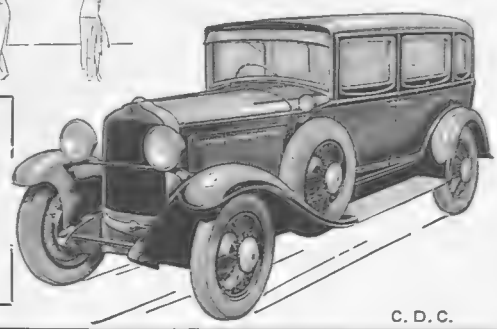
20hp SLEEVE VALVE SIX

THE Willys Knight Saloon is supplied in blue, maroon or black cellulose finish. Chromium plating is standard, while the activity and top-gear range of the silent Willys Knight sleeve valve engine establishes a new criterion of performance.

Willys Overland Crossley Ltd., Heaton Chapel, Stockport, and 151/3 Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

20 h.p. Willys Knight Five-seater saloon with five wire wheels, Triplex windscreen, luggage carrier and finger tip control **£375**

Other Willys Models *from £188*



C. D. C.

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CASTILLON
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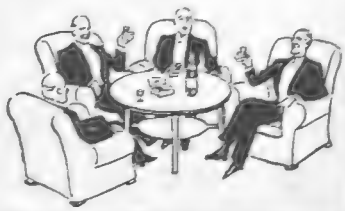

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DOGS

COURAGE AND COWARDICE

BY LADY KITTY RITSON

ZOOLOGISTS will tell you that no animal has more intelligence than is demanded by its environment, and it is a very true statement. Animals are not like us in so far as they don't strive to improve themselves, because their mentality does not allow of them looking ahead and thinking of the future. It is a good thing they don't; it would be very disconcerting to have one's dog arrive to explain that he wished to leave as he was going "to better himself." I love that expression, it always gives me the giggles; however, this is a dog article, so I had better cease being digressive and conversational.

WHAT I was going to say was this: if you want to make your dog intelligent you must create circumstances where he has to think for himself and not think for him and get him out of every difficulty. For instance, if you are walking in the country and he races off and becomes shut in a fenced enclosure, let him find his own way out, and don't lead him back to where he got in. He will probably squeeze through the fence or jump it; at any rate, he will have to use his brain, and every time he exercises it it becomes a little more developed and a little more useful. The same rule applies to traffic. Of course, you must exercise reasonable care, but it is absurd to see how many owners will pull their dogs out of the way of even pony carts. I had a puppy who was nearly knocked down by a taxi when she was about seven months old. Now when she meets a car she dodges into the ditch, while her father, who has been coddled all his life, stands in front of the car and gapes at it the while the driver tells me what he thinks of me.

Sport and General

Mrs. D. A. Dighton's French Bulldogs, Kupid of Kneesworth and Kos of Kneesworth. They won thirty Firsts and forty Cups and Specials during 1929-30

I GET so many queries on the subject of nerves and how to cure them that I feel I must say a few words about it. I don't believe you can ever really cure a nervous dog, because it is largely a physical disability. I am now talking about a subject on which I am not well informed when I say that scientists have discovered that courage and cowardice come from the absence or presence, or rather the predominance or otherwise, of certain glands. I believe that in the future, if a person or an animal is a coward, he or it will be given a dose of certain glands and the cowardly tendency will disappear. However, we have not reached that stage yet, and so the most you can do with a nervous dog is to "manufacture" a temperament for it. By this I mean you can accustom it to traffic, to noise, to people, until they cease to alarm it; but you will never be able to make it a courageous dog or to predict how it will act in unforeseen circumstances.

FEW dogs are nervous all through; I own a dog who is very shy of strange people, but who will fight any dog, even one twice his size. We know little about nerves really, but I am sure that you can turn a dog into a rational companion provided he is not too frightfully shy In the latter case, it is better to give him a merciful end.

DIETING and certain tonics do a great deal towards improving the state of a dog's nerves, and taking him every day amongst people and noises. Funnily enough, shy dogs are not always silly. Many working collies are very shy of people, but they are the brainiest dogs alive. I am sure that the gland theory is right, and, if we believe it, it gives us patience with dogs when they seem to be very silly, as we know they are not to blame.

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog if, when required, you will communicate with me.

CHICAGO'S CROOK KING (continued from page 151)

a Neapolitan by birth, and, as Mr. Pasley says, "a Neanderthal by instinct." A "sob sister" (a woman reporter who writes sob stuff) seeing him scowl, described him as a gorilla man, with flat nose, thick, pendulous lips, with scar on the left cheekbone along the heavy jawbone, whence his name "Scarface," and with great shaggy black eyebrows—all lending to the harsh visage a terrifying aspect.

"AL," with vast ready-money resources, flats, hotels, estates, motor cars, a man who would gamble in hundreds of thousands of dollars—in New Orleans after a losing day he wrote an I.O.U. for $500,000 (£100,000), and it was accepted without hesitation—is said to be no happier in one of his palatial residences than when throwing the dice, in a hot "Crap" game, coatless, vestless, collarless, the floors littered with greenbacks, bleary-eyed with playing all day and all night, and perfectly indifferent whether he wins or loses a fortune. With all his faults "Al" is generous, even to his opponents when he has put them under. At all events, he usually sends even his worst enemies an expensive wreath of red roses. In Chicago he even enjoys a sort of hero-worship.

DURING the last ten years Capone has been indirectly responsible for the killing of hundreds of gangsters, and the methods whereby they are "bumped off," "taken for a ride" or "put on the spot" reveals a cunning imagination and even histrionic gifts. O'Banion, for instance, was rung up on the telephone and visited by three men, who appeared to be friends, to give him a big order for wreaths, and while one held his right hand in a firm, "friendly" grip the other two pulled their guns on him and riddled him with bullets in the face, throat and heart. Capone's supremacy is due largely to his absolute remorselessness, added to which he collects around him gunmen whose nerve and ferocity make them the terror of the country. When Earl Hymie Wiess was murdered, a cold, ferocious Pole who was one of the four "Big Shots," the Al Capone gunmen took an apartment overlooking the florist's shop where he lived, and six men waited seven days to be able to riddle him with bullets. It is true they gave him a fine funeral; they always do. Drucci, another gangster, was killed, this time by a policeman whom he defied. His eminence was shown by a $10,000 silver casket with $30,000 worth of flowers, and the coffin was wrapped in a silken banner with Stars and Stripes. His young widow, very blonde—for Chicago gangsters, like some other gentlemen, prefer blondes—pronounced his epitaph in the words: "A policeman murdered him, but we sure gave him a grand funeral."

WHY is it that the Crook King has defied the law and treated it with utter contempt all these years? Why is it he and his gang have escaped whenever the police have a strong case against them? Why is it that this uneducated, brutal Neapolitan is the tyrant of Chicago? Because American politics are so rotten and corrupt that Capone has bought them. Mayor Thompson has been openly accused of accepting huge sums for his political campaign from Capone, and it is common knowledge that judges, sheriffs, the police and others are deep in graft. Again and again judges have dismissed cases or winked at the disappearance of witnesses. Again and again the verdict has been in terrible murders the ominous words, "Slayers not caught." Politics are pretty filthy anywhere; but nowhere is it more naked and unashamed than in Chicago, where "the moving trigger-finger writes."

"KIM."

FASHIONS FANCIES

This hat from Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.) Parisian collection shows an interesting treatment of the lifted brim with the merest suspicion of a bandeau. It is of fine black pedaline straw relieved with white silk canvas ribbon. It could be copied in various fashionable colour schemes

A charming version of the picture theme is seen on the left; it is also from Marshall and Snelgrove's. It is expressed in a new panama straw that has been christened paper on account of its lightness and semi-transparency. Then, with a daring that is fully justified, this natural-coloured straw is enriched with tête de nègre suède

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Lenare*

HANDKERCHIEFS and JUMPER SUITS

There is a subtle difference about the jumper suits for the Spring. It is reflected in this model from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. There are the slight fall over at the waist, the vest, and turnover collar

THE handkerchief no longer fulfils a utilitarian mission. It must be decorative and give the contrasting colour note. Flowers and their foliage often supply the fount of inspiration. For instance, take the daffodil, the colour of the inner petals is chosen for the evening dress—say of chiffon—the coatee, narrow waistband and shoes of velvet or satin would be of the same shade as the outer petals, and then the handkerchief would be green to harmonise with the foliage. These accessories are carried, or, it may be, attached to the left wrist by a narrow band of ribbon, or tucked into the waistband. Sometimes a bright red handkerchief will be seen with a "magpie" ensemble. Another new note is long lace gloves finished with a narrow band of massed flowers of the same character as those on the dress. By the way, they must never be finished with diamanté, as it will rub against the dress and do untold damage.

Subtle Differences

SUBTLE changes are taking place in the jumper suit, several of which are mirrored in the model pictured on this page. It comes from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. With vest complete it is 89*s.* 6*d.* The fabricating medium is stockinette tweed, which is light, soft, and is endowed with unique wearing qualities. As will be seen, the jumper falls over a narrow band, and is reinforced with a crêpe de Chine vest and turnover collar.

The Time to Buy Furs

NOW is the time to buy furs, as they have apparently reached the very lowest price possible. Especially is this the case at the City Fur Store, 63, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., where a sale is in progress. They are responsible for the handsome Persian lamb coat pictured. As will be seen, it is generously trimmed with squirrel dyed sable. Of it one may become the possessor for 59 guineas. Among the other attractions are marmot coats, 48 inches long, for 18 guineas. This is a fur that wears extremely well. Natural musquash coats are 20 guineas. Ponyskin models trimmed with sable squirrel are 18 guineas, and there are a few French beaver coney coats for 10 guineas.

Unlimited Bargains

UNLIMITED are the bargains that are the order of the day at the white sale at the Galeries Lafayette, 188, Regent Street, W. The catalogue is ready, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are stockings from 2*s.* 3*d.* to 21*s.* per pair, and that lisle thread footlets are 1*s.* 6*d.* per pair and wool 1*s.* 9*d.*

The City Fur Store have included this luxurious fur coat in their winter sale. It is of Persian lamb enriched with squirrel dyed sable—a fur that is as flattering to the blonde as the brunette

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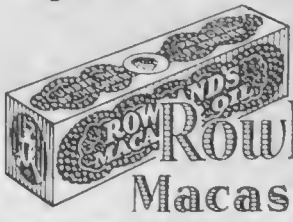

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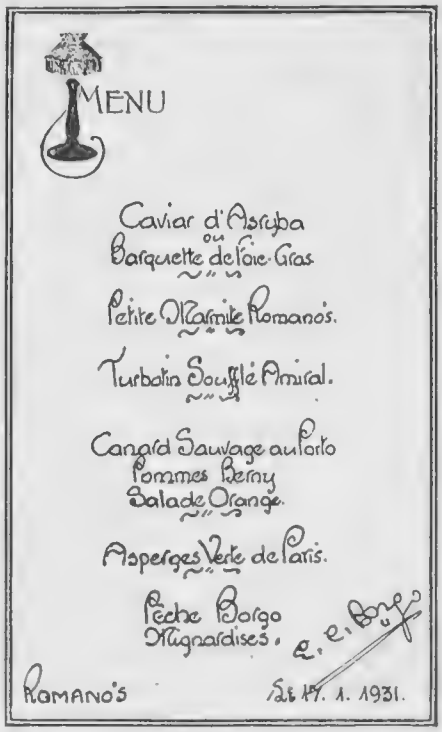
(Œufs au Caviar.)
Blanchailles.
Faisan aux Marrons.
Pommes de Terre Frites.
Choufleur au Gratin.
Bavarois de Mocha.
Croûtes de Bengal.
Dessert. Café.

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Œufs au Caviar)

Boil some eggs hard, cut them in halves, slice a small piece from either end so that they stand, take out the yolks, put them in a mortar with a small piece of butter and some caviar. Mix them all well together, adding a dust of cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice; fill the eggs with this, piling the mixture high in them, and serve garnished with cress.

Blanchailles

These are delicious if properly cooked and not difficult to do, as is generally supposed. The great thing is to have the fat hotter than for any other kind of fish. Wash the whitebait, and leave them wrapped in a dry cloth for ten minutes. Roll them in seasoned flour, shake them and place in a frying basket. Plunge this into very hot fat and fry for three or four minutes until the fish are crisp; shake a little to separate them, and sprinkle with salt and a little cayenne. Serve on a hot dish garnished with lemon, and serve brown bread and butter with the whitebait.



The menu of a dinner, priced at 12s. 6d., served at Romano's, the famous Bohemian restaurant in the Strand. It is signed by the Manager, M. Borgo

Faisan aux Marrons

Line a saucepan with bacon, and add 2 oz. of butter, with which the pheasant's liver has been minced. Put in the pheasant and fry, and turn it until it is well browned. Then take it out and cut it up, adding to the pan some cut-up carrots, celery, a couple of shallots, and a bouquet garni, and lastly half a pint of stock. Braise gently for half an hour. In the meantime cook some chestnuts long enough to peel them, and add them to the other ingredients to boil for ten minutes before serving.

Bavarois de Mocha

Make a custard with 1 gill of strong coffee, a gill of milk, and three yolks of eggs, and strain it into a basin. Melt ¾ oz. of leaf gelatine with a little coffee, and strain it into the custard. Whip ½ pint of cream and stir in. When the cream is just beginning to set, turn it into the mould, and leave to set.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

New H.M.V. Artists

Several artists new to His Master's Voice patrons are introduced in the mid-January issue of records. These additions include glorious singing of Bach by King's College Chapel Choir, Cambridge; Professor Hans Bachem, organist of Cologne Cathedral; Duke Ellington and his orchestra in cheery passages from "Check and Double Check," a film not yet seen in England, and Elena and Clara Oyuela, delightful singers of Hawaiian melodies, who accompany themselves on the guitar and ukulele. Also a very recent arrival is Niedzielski, who now exquisitely plays Chopin Mazurkas with all the feeling of a Polish genius. A most important contribution to recorded music is Sir Edward Elgar's "Crown of India" Suite, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under the conductorship of the composer. This work is arranged from the Imperial Masque which Sir Edward wrote in 1912 to celebrate the visit of the King-Emperor to India. On the second disc is the fifth march of "Pomp and Circumstance," which, written lately, is proof of our greatest composer's continued vigour to evolve joyous airs. The Berlin State Opera Orchestra give a spirited rendering of Weber's festive overture, "Jubel."

The Leipzig Spring Fair

The London and North Eastern Railway announce that 15-day excursion tickets will be issued from London to Leipzig on Friday and Saturday, February 27 and 28, to passengers holding Leipzig Fair membership tickets. The excursion fares range from £5 4s. 9d. to £10 5s. 4d. return, and a special sleeping car express will leave Flushing for Leipzig on the 27th. Similar excursion tickets will be issued from the principal provincial stations at this period.

A List of English Clubs

We have just received "Clubs" for 1931. This is the 39th Annual Edition, edited by Mr. E. C. Austen-Leigh, and published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., Ltd. The information contained in it extends to about 3,950 clubs, spreading over London, the provinces, the British Empire, and the rest of the world that is frequented by the British. There are no fewer than 1,750 golf clubs, to which special attention has been given; the number includes 250 ladies' golf clubs. An alphabetical index to provincial clubs is of great assistance for reference purposes. In this the clubs are entered under their name, whereas in the body of the work they are entered under the post town. The book is printed in a very clear type, and handsomely bound in red cloth, and the price is 7s. 6d., or 7s. 10d. post free.

A shovel race in progress on the ice rink of the Cresta Palace at Celerina, where winter sports are now in full swing

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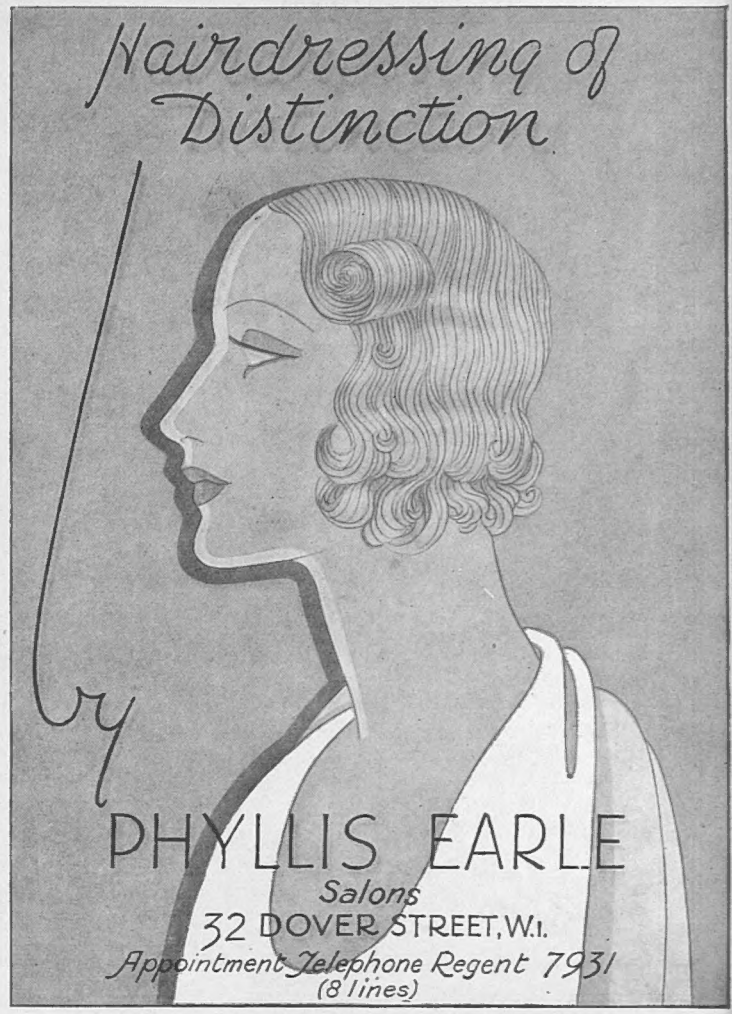

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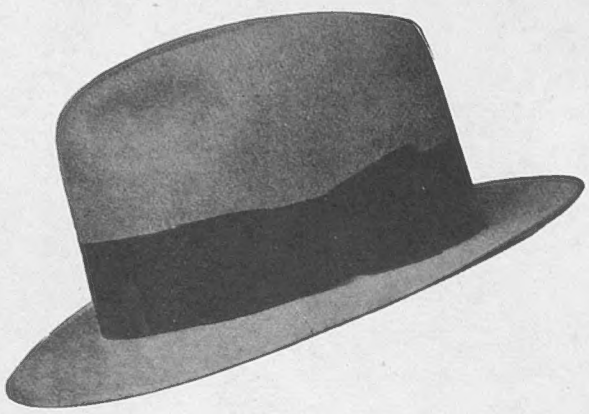

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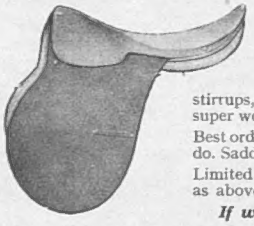

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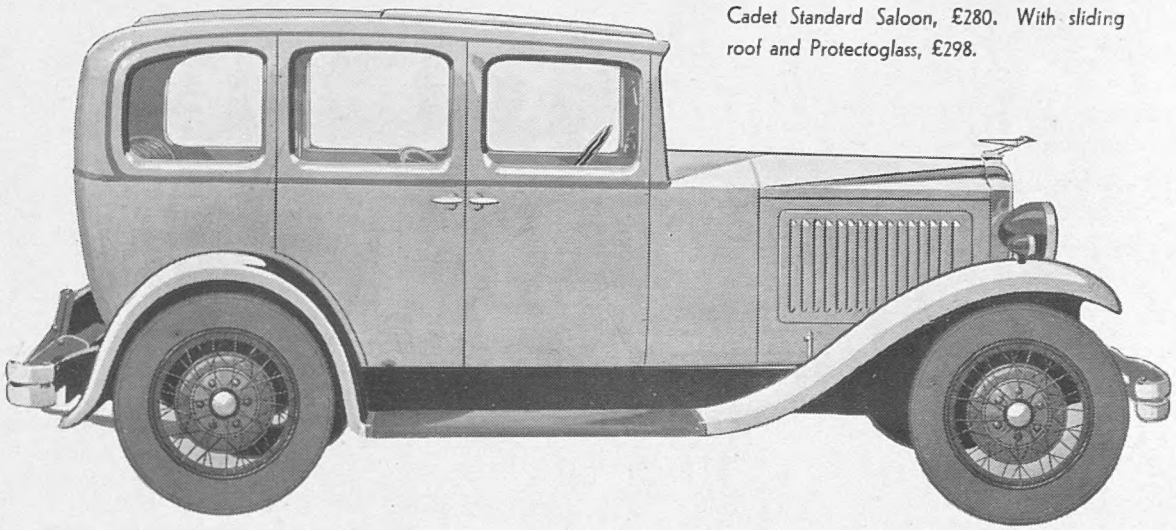

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ON SHOW IN LONDON AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1

'BRITANNIA AND EVE' SOARED INTO PUBLIC FAVOUR BY ITS SPLENDID SHORT STORIES

DOES EVERYONE PITY A MAN WITH DAUGHTERS?

IN "I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN"
by Lady Drummond Hay

"How many men rise above the average? More women rise above the average in their individual stations of life. Many do it by virtue of that inherited power and influence which found expression in the spectacular careers of immortal heroines of real romance, adventure and sacrifice; others by personal effort, tenacity and cool repudiation of the existence of a traditionally accepted sex-inferiority-complex.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred say they would rather be men than women. Handicapped by this inferiority-complex, incubated in the nursery, they imagine themselves deprived of a superiority of advantage, which is in reality but a shadow of their own birthright.

Generations of mothers have instilled the inferiority-complex into their daughters, who after spasmodic spells in the teens and twenties, of surprise, resentment and rebellion, proceed to repeat the tradition in their own families and nurseries. Putting aside America, where women numerically in the minority, have been considered and courted as in no other country, girls all over the world rank second to their brothers. Everyone pities a man with daughters and no son. The tragedy of no heir, be it only to his father's watch and chain, is just as real in England as it is China!"

It's good to go on reading . . . .

FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE, FEB. 3rd

FASHION, FICTION, BETTER HOUSEKEEPING SPORT, MOTORING, THE THEATRE—ALL ARE EMBRACED IN THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

"I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN" by Lady Drummond Hay
"THE MOON AT CARTHAGE" by Marjorie Bowen
"EVERYWOMAN" by May Edginton
"THE 'CANNON FODDER' OF INDUSTRY" by Joan Woollcombe
"THE CAMEL'S BACK" by Mollie Panter-Downes
"LA BELLE GABY" by Jeanne Bordeux
"ADVICE I MIGHT HAVE TAKEN" by Arthur Mills
"HOLLYWOOD'S SHOPS AND SHAMS" by Margaret Chute
"THE STORY OF COLA DI RIENZI, THE ROMAN DELIVERER" described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"THE FLAMING CHARIOT" by Guy Gilpatric
"THE CHILDREN AND ADVENTURERS OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer
"ALL THE WORLD—AND LITTLE BILLING" by Sydney Tremayne
"THE WORLD IS RED" by F. Britten Austin
"THE KING RIDES BY" by Hilda Sylvaine

BRITANNIA AND EVE
ONE SHILLING

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